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BALLADS OF THE RING.
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAILE.

No. XIV.
TOM SPRING.

All ye who love the manly art, from peasant man to king,
Attention give while we rehearse the deeds of Thomas Spring:
A Knight of Fives, and valiant one as ever parried blow,
Or even on arena sward set to fistie show;
His birth-place was old Farnhose' town, the county Herefordshire,
One of the noble Saxon stock we cherish and admire.

At Mordeford town, when but a youth, scarce nineteen years of age,
With Henry, for a three pound stake, our hero did engage;
He won the day, and sporting men saw when the fight was o'er,
The brilliant future fate reserved for Thomas Spring in store;
For blood will tell in human frame, as will on hour or nay,
And he who starts at suggard pace will in the distance lag.

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With Langan, Oliver, and Neat, he conquered in the test,
Though all of them in manly fray were reckoned of the best;
He only once upon the field his gallant colors struck,
And when Ned Painter won the day, he surely was in luck;
It proved that proverb of the East, oft used in prose and song,
"The race not always to the swift, nor battle to the strong."

On Buxton's treasured page his noble name survives,
A champion of manly art, and gallant Knight of Fives—
Who never would have crossed a mile to win his weight in gold,
Unlike base traitors of the ring who have their honor sold;
When Hooper played the traitor's part, a pauper he became,
To Spring a monument is reared by friends to show his fame.

Twelve times on the arena's sward his honored name we see,
Even times his matchless skill won a glorious victory;
When Charles the Twelfth, at Pultow, first lost his high renown,
A single battle robbed him of his kingdom and his crown;
But valiant Spring on fortune's wheel, as conqueror now turned,
And ever more upon the field the wreath of laurel earned.

At Norwood, in the cemetery, the noble hero lies,
Who when alive in gallant fray so often took the prize;
We trust on heaven's golden shore his bark is anchored fast,
To dwell with good and valiant men who lived in ages past.
For never on arena sward from peasant man to king,
Stood up a champion more true than brave and honest Spring.

* * * * *
Thomas Spring was born in Farnhose, Herefordshire, February 22d, 1796, and made his first appearance in the ring with Henry, for a stake of three pounds, at Mordeford, in 1814. He won the prize in 11 rounds.

In his first engagement with Ned Painter, at Mickleham Downs, he came off victor after a hard contest of 89 rounds; time, April 1, 1814, stakes, 100 guineas. His last bout with Painter occurred near Kingston, when, for the first and only time Spring came of second best. The first was for the same amount. Time, August 7, 1818—42 rounds.

* Hooper, who undoubtedly sold his fight with Oliver, was forever after scouted by all true sporting men. He died a wandering beggar in the streets of London, without a roof to shelter his head. One dark, stormy night a policeman discovered him in a door way, where he had crawled for shelter. "Who are you?" said the officer. "I am Hoo Hoop Hooper." He staggered out, as he fell over, and expired. A moral for those who wish to act the part of Judas in the ring.—*Sporting Chronicle*.

* For a long time Charles the XIIth of Sweden was considered invulnerable. He rose to the very acme of power. He distributed kingdoms among his subjects with lavish generosity. In his first great victory over the Russians, where their army numbered eight times as much as his own, he displayed kindly feelings toward his foes, which, to say the least, were highly imprudent. He treated his prisoners like guests, and set them free without ransom or stipulation; but the field of battle came at last, and he fell never to rise again—conquered like the first Napoleon more by Russian snows than Russian arms.—*Universal History*.

* He was buried at Norwood Cemetery, Aug. 25th, 1851, and a subscription was proposed and commenced for a monument to his memory.—*Chronology of the Ring*.

* There is an old story, but a good one, that will bear repeating, about one Donald MacDaniel, a noted bruiser, who, after a rather stormy and varied life, lay on his dying bed. In this stress, of course, the Priest was sent for to confess poor Donald, and fit him for a better world. The holy man after granting absolution, explained the merits of Joshua, Moses, David, and other good men we read of in the sacred book, and among the rest he spoke of Sampson.

"And will Joshua be in Heaven?" inquired Donald.

"Yes, my son," was the Priest's reply.

"And will Moses be there?"

"Yes, and David?"

"And—David will be in Heaven, too."

After pausing a moment, Donald looked up with an inquiring glance in the holy father's face, and said—"Will Sampson be there?"

"Of course, Sampson will be saved, likewise."

"Then by the houl o' my coat," said Donald, "Sampson and I will have a good turn when I get there."

tion, he scorned in fair dealings to take advantage of any one, and he it is who is guilty of treachery to the good captain and his handsome and truly gentle daughter, to come thus in disguise of an honest man, and partake of his noble hospitality. While feeling thus, Jack Bandon formed a sudden resolution—what that was the reader will soon see.

Having partied for the night from the fair Kate Howard, Jack was escorted to the door of the mansion by its hospitable owner, on whom Jack had made a most favorable impression, and who was continually reiterating his wish that he would call soon again. Jack in reply to this, requested his company for a short time and, as it was very early in the evening, the old captain gladly acceded to his request, and putting on his hat and coat, they proceeded down to the common. And there, beneath the shadows of the grand old elms, did Jack Bandon relate to Captain Howard his life's history. Miserably and truly, seeking no concealments and nothing to cover, he told the story of his life, from his boyhood to his present. He was astonished; but the heroic frankness of his young friend made a forcible impression upon him; and when Jack declared that he did not wish to wear a mask in his intercourse with his daughter and himself, and that he would sooner bear the opprobrium that he felt he deserved his triumph, even over the heart of Captain Howard was complete. He grasped the young man by the hand and declared that, as he had determined to reform, he should find in him a firm and true friend.

After a little more conversation, it turned out that Captain Howard had sailed in the service of Jack Bandon's father—whose proper name was John Eldridge, and under him he had realized the major portion of his fortune. The following is the substance of Jack's history as related to the captain:

His father was William Eldridge, of the firm of Eldridge, Blake & Co., and was a merchant and doing a large business in Milk street. In the crisis of 1837, he failed and only saved from the wreck of his fortune about \$20,000, which the old man shortly after dying—he bequeathed it to his son John Eldridge, a man of about eighteen years of age. Upon arriving at his manor, John, by leading a wild, fast life—frequenting gambling rooms, houses of ill-fame, &c., squandered his patrimony, and being an only son, his mother and father dead, he became reckless, and in two years after coming into a fortune, he was penniless. He had during his fast career formed the acquaintance of gamblers, thieves, &c., of every class and, by frequent association with them, he at length became what he now was, a most noted and expert pickpocket. Captain Howard as he recalled the picture presented to his mind by the story of Jack, and as he reflected upon the many acts of kindness done him by his young friend's father, determined to do all in his power to advance his reform, and place him in a position in life that would lead to emolument and fame; with this idea in view, he asked him to call at the mansion on the morrow, and then he would have some good news for him. He likewise said he should keep the intelligence he had received that night from his daughter, and concluded by saying:

"And my dear boy keep a tight heart, and the time will come when you will smile at this period of your career!" The two parted; Jack with a lighter heart than he had worn inside his waistcoat for many years.

The next day at the appointed time he met Captain Howard, and received a letter of introduction to his brother Harrison Howard, lawyer, New York. It was proposed that Jack should go there, and under Mr. Howard go through a course of legal studies. John Eldridge—to call him by his right name—joyfully accepted the proposition, and having said farewell to Kate, who "loved him dearly" in her own kind heart—he was soon installed among his new associations. We will leave John Eldridge for a time, and return to the other characters of our story.

CHAPTER XV. The Sparring Exhibition.

Early on the morning of the 21st October, 18—, the following announcement staved the citizens of the usually quiet city of Boston in the face, and caused them to open their eyes with interest and wonder, to wit:—

NOTICE!—A Grand Sparring Exhibition will take place at Boylston Hall, October 22, 18—, on which occasion the Renowned Pugilist Yankee Sullivan will appear and set to with the scientific Joe Long. The following Renowned Boxers will likewise appear and set to:

Belcher Kay,
The Manchester Pet,
Bill Hughes,
William Bailey, Teacher of the Art;
Louis Bieral, &c., &c.,
And a host of others too numerous to mention.

Admission.....25 cents.

Agreeable to the arrangement Boylston Hall was open and crowded to its utmost capacity, every seat being full, and all the standing space around the platform of the boxers occupied by an anxious and deeply interested crowd.

In a short time the performance commenced, and the Manchester Pet made his appearance, followed by the Manchester Chicken; and after a scientific prelude the former concluded to knock the latter down, a feat which he performed to the satisfaction of himself and everyone else, excepting, of course, the unfortunate recipient of the favor. After a few more scientific actions of the same kind in which the chicken was made to "lay" in a manner not *egg*-actly approved by him, he threw off the gloves, leaving the Manchester Pet cool of the walk.

Hughes and Bailey then appeared. This truly was a set-to well worthy of witnessing. The science of Hughes was much inferior to that of Bailey, but the latter, as if aware of his superiority, did not seek to display his attainments to the disadvantage of his more burly but less experienced opponent. Hughes made a mischievous remark to which Bailey which he responded to the latter, countering with retort and retort. They斗ed about fifteen minutes, at the conclusion of which time they retired amid enthusiastic applause.

The audience were enlivened between each set to by strains of music, and their reception of the various boxers as they appeared was exceedingly enthusiastic.

The event of the evening was near at hand—the set to between the renowned YANKEE SULLIVAN and the wary and lynx-eyed Long. They soon appeared, and Sullivan, advancing to the centre of the ring, gracefully acknowledged the kind and generous reception which he received at the hands of the citizens.

Yankee Sullivan may be said to have been at that time in his prime; at least he was fast nearing the zenith of his fame, and his appearance on that night, his science and activity showed him to be in fine fettle. The close-cropped black hair; the massive brows, shaggy and fierce; the keen sparkling eyes; the thin boy face; prominent cheek bones; the lean built, active frame; the finely proportioned limbs; and the hard muscles, like whip cord swelling from his perfect frame; his ease and grace of action, all proclaimed the well-trained and scientific gladiator, the King of the American Ring.

Joe Long, tall and powerfully built; long arms; a fine reach; quick and active on his pins; a clear sharp eye; close-cut light brown hair; quick in his blows; good to get away; these were the attributes he brought to bear against the all-conquering Sullivan.

Face to face the gladiators stand; eye bent on eye, each watching keenly the graceful actions of the other. The attitude of Sullivan, defective to one who does not know his style, at first sight, becomes the more you view him the very model of pugilistic perfection. Joe Long, graceful and upright, well set on his pins; his arms, the right well up and the left defending the mark, are moving gracefully to and fro; suddenly let fly the left, is short, and beautifully counter-attacked for his pins, and, ere he can recover, receives the deadly one-two, and the round concludes, amid vociferous cheering. It is not my intention to follow them longer, suffice it to say that Sullivan displayed the great science he possessed in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory; and on that night had the seed which has since been cultivated among the "citizens of this modern Athens"—the love for THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

At the conclusion of the set to Sullivan came forward and delivered his report to the audience.

"I have a man who entered the ring a gentleman—weight,

145 pounds, by whom I am authorized to challenge one Carl Anderson, a pugilist of this city, whose weight is 160 pounds, to fight for love or any amount of money. In this challenge accepted?"

"Yay!" cried a voice in the crowd, and a man making his way through the audience approached the platform whereon Sullivan was standing, and stated his readiness to make a match on behalf of Darsden, who was then present—for \$500.

The parties met the same night at Belcher Kay's, and \$250 were immediately deposited. Sullivan declined to give the name of his pupil, which Darsden's backer cared very little for, having the greatest confidence in his man.

Among the "Fancy" the excitement regarding this fight was intense, who was to be the opponent of Darsden? was the query everywhere propounded, but no one, save Sullivan, was able to answer it. Day by day the excitement increased, and bets were taken at 2 to 1 on Darsden. He was the favorite everywhere; the disparity in weight was greatly in favor of Carl, who was training to "catch weight," while his opponent was limited to 145 pounds. This greatly favored Darsden; and the fact that Sullivan *protege* had never been in the arena was sufficient to justify the odds.

"That's right, father," cried the laughing Kate. "We'll soon convince him, he's deserving of thanks, unless, like the heathen, he makes his unbelieveable idol!"

"Now, Captain Howard," said Jack, with a half-smile on his lips, "would you have striven to save your—" Jack longed to say "dear," but he didn't dare to—"fair daughter, had not I been a little before you?"

"I tell you Mr. Eldridge, that I had a little more than I could afford to, with them blasted passengers who were hanging to my arms, my coat-tail, and legs, as if I were Miller himself, and underweight for heaven, and they determined to be with me!"

Engaged thus in conversation, the evening wore fast away, and Jack Bandon found himself getting deeper and deeper into the meshes of love until at last, as if making a desperate effort to extricate himself, he arose to depart. Jack felt very heavy at heart during the interview, naturally of a noble, honest, upright disposi-

tion, he scoured in fair dealings to take advantage of any one, and he it is who is guilty of treachery to the good captain and his handsome and truly gentle daughter, to come thus in disguise of an honest man, and partake of his noble hospitality. While feeling thus, Jack Bandon formed a sudden resolution—what that was the reader will soon see.

With whom Darsden was to contend. On this point, however, curiosity could not be gratified, and then the few wavering ones, standing upon Sullivan's character as a pugilist, and feeling confident that whomsoever he might select would be a good man and true, took the odds at 2 to 1 on the unknown, and had no difficulty in making up a big book.

CHAPTER XVI. Sullivan's Pupil and What He Did.

On the morning of the 16th May in the year of our Lord 18—, any person happening in the vicinity of a small tavern situated not far from the turnpike at Madison—celebrated as the place where the notorious Mike Martin signalized himself by robbing Major Bray and proving his chivalry by the memorable words—

"I never rob ladies!"

might be seen a number of teams of horses, drivers, and description from the number of drivers, drivers, and drivers, the private carriage and driving rig of the sporting man. The citizens of the little town attributed to the manufacture of "Old Mansfield" were all aghast. What public event was to be celebrated of importance to dignify the quiet town with such a variety of splendid turn outs, it was impossible for the innocent townspeople to guess—and yet smiling faces, the general air of excitement, and the strange sounds which fell upon their non dancing ears proclaimed that something new was it was impossible for them to tell.

And to continue in the second person, if the individual happening to see these strange and enlivening sights would give reins to his curiosity and leave to his powers of locomotion and follow the aforesaid drags, drags, carriages, gigs, &c., he would, after a walk of mile or more, arrive at a high hill, known as Medford Mount, and then taking the lower road, still keeping in sight the above-mentioned teams he would not at least that one part of the before-mentioned curtain of the "famous valley" before he saw a number of men at work in their shirt sleeves, some driving stakes and attaching to them a rope or ropes, he would see a large and handsome carriage, with blinds closed and surrounded with an air of mystery, and likewise with a large number of people, and if he entered the crowd, broken sentences, such as these would fall upon his astonished ears—

"Something new under the sun!"
"Who offers 2 to 1?" "I'll take the odds!" "I'll go even on first blood!" "2 to 1 on Darsden for the first knock down!" "Who's the other man?"—and a variety of other remarks and queries—interspersed with phrases in the English vocabulary entirely new to the above-mentioned curious individual's ear, if said curious individual be a countryman.

Having now lost sight of the curious individual who is supposed to have disappeared in the crowd to gratify the residue of his curiosity, we will now in *propria persona* proceed to a description of the scene before us.

In the centre of a beautiful and green clad valley, half surrounded by verdant and low hills on one side, and on the other by a broad, deep, and rapid stream of water, was laid the ring in which Carl Darsden, to contend against an unknown adversary. Nature as it forges the future power of the great renovator "pugilism," and the extinction of wars and duellings, seemed to have designed that the beautiful spot judiciously selected as the place of battle, should be so hidden, and so arranged that every facility should be given to the man of muscle and his coadjutors for a satisfactory and successful completion of impending events.

The ground on which the ring was laid and wherein the combatants were to stand and fiercely struggle for the wreath of victory, was of that tough, dry, spongy nature which gives firm foothold—it was sprung and elastic and seemed especially designed for the purpose for which it was soon to be used. The ring was now surrounded by a large number of impatient spectators all anxiously awaiting the appearance of the combatants. The day—considering the month—was cool and fresh, and the sun, as anxious to witness the proceedings, was fast mounting the heavens and soon it was thrown off its watchful eye and descended down upon the valley and the combatants, to tell that the hour of noon was at hand and that they had better hurry up and let the combat commence. As if complying with the request of "glorious Sol," the door of the private vehicles was thrown open, the steps let carefully down and two men dressed in sporting apparel leaped lightly therefrom; they were soon followed by another whose appearance was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheers. He was clothed in a pair of black velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings, and heavy spiky shoes; a blanket was thrown over his shoulders. It was Carl Darsden. He advanced amid continued cheers to the ring and shying his castor into it, crossed the ropes followed by his second and backers, and took his seat upon a chair standing in one corner of the arena.

The eyes of all were now turned upon another carriage which was supposed to contain—and right yea—Darsden's unknown adversary. The curiosity of all was soon gratified; the door was flung open, and Yankee Sullivan stepped out. He was clothed in a pair of black velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings, and heavy spiky shoes; a blanket was thrown over his shoulders. It was indeed unknown—fine, stalwart, handsome man about twenty-four years of age. He entered the ring after the two principals, and taking another corner—he with the aid of Sullivan and Long proceeded to divest himself of the rich garments of black cloth in which he was dressed. In a few moments he appeared in fighting costume. Knee breeches of dark corduroy, and shoes of the finest manufacture. He had no stockings—a small pair of thick wool socks appeared above the shoe, otherwise he was completely stripped. After a few preliminaries having been gone through with—and referee and judges having been selected without a third of the third attendant upon it now—a-days—time was called and the seconds led their men quietly to the scratch.

Darsden was putting his hands on the usual formalities—to grasp the hand of his opponent with the latter with a cool and dignified gesture, giving him unwillingness to take it. Darsden looked at him for an instant and started back in astonishment—it was Charles Anderson who stood before him!

The latter smiled contemptuously, and throwing himself into position, began the

FIGHT.

There was much difference in the size of the men, the advantage being in favor of Darsden; but the foxy built, compact and muscular frame of Anderson, the well developed muscles, the powerful sinewy arms, made tough and hard by long and severe training, were viewed by the backers of Darsden, and by those who had so rashly given odds, with feelings of doubt and disappointment. There was a sparkle to his eye, a smile on his lip, which, translated, meant mischief. The attitude and style proclaimed his tutor was Sullivan, and that he had done full justice to his teacher was evident in the manner in which he handled his mawlays.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOVER OF SPORT, Reading, Pa.—"As the questions in regard to a shooting match which took place at Hartman's Tavern, Alsace, on the 22d ult., still remain undecided, they are submitted for your decision. They are as follows:—1. N. Burkhardt had two chances, at five birds on each chance, on his first chance he killed four, and on his second, five. A. D. Werner had three chances, and on his third he killed five. Jas. Pfeifer also had three chances, and on his first chance he scored five birds. Burkhardt insisted on Pfeifer shooting, his other two chances, saying that afterwards, he, Burkhardt, would shoot on his tie. Pfeifer thereupon shot his remaining chances, killing five birds on each, making a total of fifteen in three chances. Burkhardt then declined to shoot off the tie, postponing it for another day; on the 24th, they resumed the shooting, and they tied on second chance, each killing six out of seven. They met again on the 26th, when another rally took place, at seven birds each, Pfeifer killing six out of seven, and Burkhardt five out of seven. Now, in your opinion, was Pfeifer obliged to shoot at ten additional birds on his other chances than in letting him unconditionally expense for birds? And again, could he not have also insisted upon N. B. shooting at ten birds to his, after his having him to shoot when he was level with his first chance? 2. H. Bernhardt's fourth bird was struck hard, and flew around within the limits. Was it afterwards shot at by an outsider at the supposed distance of 100 yards. The bird subsequently fell, and was gathered by H. B. within the limits. Was he entitled to score the bird or not? 3. N. Burkhardt insisted on Pfeifer shooting his remaining chances, before shooting off the tie, our opinion is that he was bound to do so; the regular chances should be shot before deciding the tie, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon. 4. Pfeifer had elected to give up the two remaining chances, and not shoot them at all, relying altogether upon his first tie, of course he could have done so, no matter what Burkhardt might have said, to the contrary; but after deciding to shoot, and telling again on his other two chances, Pfeifer had the right to demand that his antagonist should shoot off his tie there and then, providing there were sufficient birds and daylight for the purpose. Pfeifer could not have insisted on Burkhardt shooting at ten birds to his, because Pfeifer's ten were shot on two chances, whereas Burkhardt had but one tie, if we understand the case correctly. 2. Unless there was positive evidence that the bird fell from the outside shot, Bernhardt is entitled to score. According to our correspondence, the bird was "struck hard" by Bernhardt's shot, and remained in bounds; whereas, on the other hand, it is merely stated that the bird was shot at by an outsider, at the distance of (supposed) 100 yards; the chances are in favor of Bernhardt, and he should score the bird.

J. G. W., Phila'd'a.—A batsman is considered out, when his wicket is knocked down, and neither of his feet or bat be grounded within the popping crease. 2. If in the act of bowling the bowler should knock down the wicket at his end, it would not be considered a "no ball." 3. The 13th rule expressly states, that all runs obtained for wide balls should be scored to wide balls, so that if two runs are made on a "wide" they should be both scored as "wides" and not as "byes." 4. Read the last clause of the 12th rule, which says "but if the batsman shall by any means bring himself within reach of the ball, the run shall not be adjudged."

The Right Bower.—*Erche*.—"A and B are playing as partners, against C and D—A deals; 'tis 'passed' around to him, A, who takes it up, and plays it alone. C immediately cries out 'alone' against him. Now is that a legitimate point in the game, or not? They play, and C takes all the tricks. Is he entitled to score four points for it as an 'alone' hand, or only two, as a simple enche?".... He is only entitled to two points, having enched his adversary. He is entitled to no privileges for playing alone against a legitimate "alone" hand.

OUR PHILADELPHIA.—*Base Ball*.—It depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case. Ordinarily, if a player is on the 2d base, and one on the 3d, and the former runs for the 3d base, forgetting there is a player there, the one occupying it first has the right to it, the player on the 2d being liable to be put out. You should always give the particulars in such matters.

MUSCLE, Batavia.—Ropes rigged through pulleys, with weights fastened on the end, opposite to those which are taken in the hands. It can be rigged through two upright posts, at a height to suit yourself, either sitting or standing.

ENQUIRER, New Haven.—Thomas White is 25 years of age, 5 feet 10in in height, and weighs 165 lbs. Robert Chambers, the conqueror of White in the late Thamess Championship match, is 29 years of age, 5ft 9 1/2 in height, and weighs 185 lbs.

JOHN HARRISON.—An inquiry for the whereabouts of Mr. H. was made some time since in this department. Mr. Haughton's address is at W. Rutter's, Second street, between Mound and Howard street, St. Louis.

M. C. B., Biddeford, Me.—1. Dominick Bradley was born in Ireland—we do not know his 30 years of age. 2. Simon Byrne was an Irishman. 3. Heenan's parents are natives of Ireland.

WE MOHIE, Galveston, Texas.—1. Jack Langan's (not Langdon) weight was 174 lbs, and his height 5ft, 10 inches. 2. Tom Spring's weight was 184 lbs, and his height 5ft, 11 inches.

C. DEAN, Louisville.—We have no time to devote to engaging people. Your better plan would be to advertise, and make your selection according to the merit of those offering.

CONSTANT READER, Yorkville.—Of the tragedians Forrest, Booth, Eddy and Davyport, we consider the last named as the best Dramatic reader.

ROMANCE, Detroit.—Boxiana has long been out of print, and a copy is only occasionally offered for sale by those who have no further use for the work.

J. M. H., Gambier, O.—Flora Temple has not made faster time in public than 2:10 1/4. What she may have done in private, we cannot say.

O. D., Savannah.—North's Circus performed all last week in Brooklyn. A letter to our care will probably reach Charley Lewis.

WILD BOY, Charleston.—It depends much upon their qualifications; if they are worthy, there is a fair chance of success for them.

B. Phila'd'a.—Charley Lynch was beaten by Finlighy in their first fight; but in their second match, Lynch was the winner.

J. W. F., Chicago.—There is such a word in the English language as "Registrar." It signifies a secretary or register.

G. M. C., Boston.—We have not heard of him in a week or two. He was last in some one of the Eastern States.

COONRAD, Nyack.—The Daniel Drew is supposed to be the fastest steamer at present on the Hudson river.

SAM.—The dealer and the party begging have the right to fix the trump; the others have no say.

T. ALLSTONE BROWN, Philadelphia.—Have forwarded a couple of letters to the "Item" office.

A. B., Aurora, Indiana.—Your poetic babies are rather too young for muscular development.

GRIZ, New York.—There was not a negro member in the last Massachusetts Legislature.

ELM CITY.—Your three trays beat your adversaries' two pair of Jacks and Kings.

T. MILLER.—No horse in England, or elsewhere, ever ran a mile in one minute.

HORSEY.—C. has a chance to come in by making good the necessary stake.

TENNESSEE.—They can only be procured, through favor, from the members.

MOUNT VERNON, O.—Heenan and Morrissey fought for \$2,500 a side.

OD SKINNER, South Boston.—We know of none richer than Mr. Astor.

BARBER, Phila'd'a.—Address Dr. Graham, No. 109 Nassau street.

AUBURN HILL, Albany.—He did train Tom Sayers for a fight.

A. B., Buffalo.—We can only supply you the Pictures.

PROMPT SIDE, Baltimore.—Send address.

G. R., St. Louis.—It is out of our line.

—We have letters for Tom Jennings, Bernard McManus, of St. Louis, and Ed. Price.

FAY AND DECKER'S SCULLING MATCH.—This match is progressing although some little change has been made in the arrangements.

It is now settled that the race shall take place on the 27th of November, for \$200 a side. Staten Island was to have furnished the racing ground, but as Tom Burns has sold out his place there, and it is now in the hands of some one who thinks more of larger beer than of sporting matters, the race will not take place there. It is probable that the event will be decided in the vicinity of Weehawken, although it is not yet definitely settled. We will keep our readers posted.

TWO MILE TIME.—In our last we stated that R. E. Clark, of Nahant, Sept. 16, 1859, rowed two miles in 14:02. Upon a closer scrutiny of the record, we find that the same rower has done a little better than we have given him credit for; for in the Beacon Regatta of June, 1859, in the race for single pair sculls, distance two miles, R. E. Clark proved the winner, accomplishing the two miles in 13:52. The course was that usually pulled over in Boston, and the distance is said to be correctly measured.

BEAR AND DOG FIGHT.—On Thursday, 25th ult., a fight took place on the Fair Grounds at Richmond, Va., between Allen's bulldog, of New York, and Irwin's bear. The match was for \$500, and was won by the dog, the bear being killed before the combat terminated.

A HALF MILE "GO."—Smith, the Indian runner, and a young farm hand named David Ford, who never ran a race before, contested for superiority in a half mile race, recently, at a fair in Wilmington, Del. Ford came in winner, leading Smith about five yards.

GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

A billiard tournament is now in progress at Lynch's Rooms, No. 60 and 62 Fourteenth street, fronting the Washington Monument on Union Square, between a number of well known scientific billiard players of the United States, for a beautifully gold mounted billiard cue, offered as a prize by Messrs. Phelan & Collender. The contestants are Messrs. Kavanaugh, White, and Lynch, of New York; Tieman, of Cincinnati, and Geary, of Chicago. Mr. Bird, of Philadelphia, was to have played, but, unfortunately, his health would not admit of it. The conditions of the tournament are, that each player will play with each other player, a single game of five hundred points, at the four ball carom game, on a carom table, and the player winning the greatest number of games will take the prize. It will occupy five days in playing, two games being played each day, and in the following order—First day, Friday, Oct. 25, White vs. Geary, and Lynch vs. Kavanaugh. Second day, Saturday, 27th, Kavanaugh vs. Geary, and Tieman vs. White. Third day, Monday, 29th, Kavanaugh vs. White, and Tieman vs. Lynch. Fourth day, Tuesday, 30th, Lynch vs. White, and Tieman vs. Geary. Fifth day, Wednesday, 31st, Lynch vs. Geary, and Tieman vs. Kavanaugh. Commencing each day at 2 o'clock P. M. On Thursday, Nov. 1st, Mr. Phelan will play the winner, on which occasion no gentleman will be admitted without a lady. The time for commencing play is fixed at 1/2 P. M. The plan as laid out is a good one, and we venture to predict that some most magnificent billiard playing will be exhibited, far superseding anything ever seen before anywhere. In fact, at no time has such a number of stars ever been brought together to illustrate the beauties of the game as on this occasion.

The first day's play, Friday, the 26th ult., was commenced punctually at the time appointed, it being but a few minutes past two when the ball was opened by White making the first shot, after the usual formula of "stringing for lead." It had been gone through with at this time, there were some 400 persons present, and a more respectable number of spectators could not be gathered together to witness any spectacle, not excepting a procession, not young persons only—but many whose "clocks had been whitened by the frosts of many winters," men of intellect, such as would pass a favorable examination at the hands of Prof. Fowler, of phonological renown. The hum of voices was soon hushed when the little ivories were put in motion, and their magical movements were closely scanned by the lookers on. The game was started quite evenly, Geary maintaining a slight lead during its first stages, gradually increasing it up to the fourteenth shot, when he was fifty points ahead; but at this point, White, by one of his very precise shots, got the balls together, and made a brilliant run of 94, for which he was much cheered; he broke up, however, by missing a very easy carom on the white and red balls. This, the longest run in this match, gave White the lead, and from this the conclusion was gradually drawn away from his opponent, eventually winning by 169 points. In Geary's run of 31, occurred the best shot during this encounter, making a brilliant carom on the two reds, which were lying close to the upper cushion, his ball forming a right angle with them. The annexed table gives the runs as made, and by which it will be seen that the average counts were for Geary, 8 and a fraction over; and for White, 12 and a fraction, which is fair play. Geary, who was much fatigued, and somewhat indisposed, played a dashing, fearless game, his angle shot being perfect. White, by his more skillful play, and the balls to perfection, his skill in this respect being fully played out, is as subjoined:

TIEMAN. WHITE. TIEMAN. WHITE.

No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total.

1. 16 16 18 18 20 4 260 0 213

2. 0 16 11 21 0 269 5 218

3. 4 20 0 29 22 39 299 6 224

4. 13 33 14 43 23 18 317 0 224

5. 162 135 58 101 24 6 323 0 224

6. 21 156 17 118 25 0 323 2 226

7. 0 156 8 128 26 3 326 13 239

8. 2 158 10 130 27 3 329 2 241

9. 0 158 4 140 28 5 334 6 247

10. 5 163 2 142 29 0 334 2 249

11. 19 171 10 192 30 46 380 20 269

12. 0 199 9 202 31 6 386 0 269

13. 6 196 2 154 32 17 403 20 280

14. 3 199 6 170 33 2 405 6 295

15. 8 204 12 172 34 9 414 0 295

16. 2 241 35 23 35 44 458 12 307

17. 5 246 0 207 36 41 499 14 321

18. 10 256 3 210 37 2 501

19. 0 256 3 213

Thus ended the first contest, being one game in favor of White winning the cue. But a few minutes elapsed 'ere Messrs. Lynch and Kavanaugh appeared cue in hand, for the second bout, both being loudly cheered as they approached the table. The three contestants fall fast between these worthy knights of the cue, for \$200 a side each match, and in which Kavanaugh managed by dint of careful play to secure the odd game, added much to the interest in this encounter, and various were the opinions as to who would be the winner. Neither man made a count on their first essay; but on the second Kavanaugh "laid himself out" to do something, and with success, for after two or three well-judged shots, he got the balls together, running on in double quick time, until, when he ceased, the tally showed a run of 50. The room fairly quaked with the tremendous cheering and clapping of hands and feet, and the spectators, who were in a fever of excitement, were denominated as though they had been "struck by lightning." Lynch now took his cue, and approached the table, deliberately shaking his cue, and looked as though he meant something. And so he did, as the sequence proved, for by some splendid billiard manœuvres, he got the "little jokers" where he wanted them, and as he counted and counted, first on the red and white, then on the two reds, keeping the marker continually calling the game, which increased rapidly. The lookers on would remark, "he's going to run the game out," "it's all over," "I won't play him for beans," &c. When he turned Kavanaugh's score of 10, another dose of applause was administered, and so on as the marker called out 90, 100, 110, and so on up to 129, when he missed a comparatively easy shot by a hair's breadth. Thus the game proceeded, both men determined, and playing with the most consummate skill. At Kavanaugh's fifth counting shot, his ball was fast to another, when they were well together; this cut his run short, as he failed to count any more at that time, his run being 18, his total standing 223 against 245. Lynch was leading up to this point, but Kavanaugh put on a little extra steam soon after, and made a brilliant run of 11, and from this out he had the lead, and kept it, finishing his 500 by a run of 57, Lynch's count standing at 399, 101 points the minority. The play of both men was magnificent, and the game was pronounced the most brilliant ever witnessed, the average, including the runs not shown at the commencement, being, for Kavanaugh, 15 1/2, and for Lynch, 24 1/2. Mons. Kavanagh, who was present, enclaged the play greatly, more particularly when they executed a superior stroke, which occurred. The arrangements in every respect were good, and the time of the race, on taking their departure gave vent to exclamations of praise, "never saw anything like it!" saluting one's ears at every turn. Taking the first day's play as an index, the prophecy that the tournament will prove a success, does not appear likely to prove untrue. The annexed table, showing a count of 500 points in 17 turns at the cue, is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of billiards, and we predict that it will be some time ere it is beaten.

KAVANAGH. LYNCH. KAVANAGH. LYNCH.

No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total. No. Shot. Count. Total.

1. 0 0 0 0 11. 4 360 35 340

2. 80 80 129 129 12. 5 395 9 349

3. 33 113 56 185 13. 5 395 9 349

4. 42 155 35 230 14. 10 465 15 364

5. 65 210 15 235 14. 3 408 17 381

6. 18 228 10 245 15. 4 412 10 391

7. 38 266 12 237 16. 31 443 8 399

8. 113 379 3 265 17. 57 500

9. 4 381 45 365

On Saturday, the second day of the tournament, the same commendable punctuality was observed as on the day previous, and at precisely 2 o'clock, P. M., Messrs. Geary, of Chicago, and Kavanaugh, of New York, were introduced to a numerous array of spectators, by

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

A Lover of Sport, Reading, Pa.—As the questions in regard to a shooting match which took place at Hartman's Tavern, Alsace, on the 22d ult., still remain undecided, they are submitted for your decision. They are as follows:—1. N. Burkhardt had two chances, at five birds on each chance, or his first chance he killed four, and on his second, five. A. D. Werner had three chances, and on his third he killed five. Jas. Pfleger also had three chances, and on his first chance he scored five birds. Burkhardt insisted on Pfleger shooting, his other two chances, saying that afterwards, he, Burkhardt, would shoot off his tie. Pfleger thereupon shot his remaining chances, killing five birds on each, making a total of fifteen in three chances. Burkhardt then declined to shoot off his tie, postponing it for another day; on the 24th, they resumed the shooting, and they tied on second chance, each killing six out of seven. They met again on the 29th, when another rally took place, at seven birds each. Pfleger killing six out of seven, and Burkhardt five out of seven. Now, in your opinion, was Pfleger obliged to shoot at ten additional birds on his other chances, thus putting him unnecessarily to expense for birds? And again, could he not have also insisted upon N. B. shooting at ten birds to tie him, after compelling him to shoot when he was level with him on his first chance? 2. H. Bernhardt's fourth bird was struck hard, and flew around within the limits. It was afterwards shot at by an outsider, at the supposed distance of 100 yards. The bird subsequently fell, and was gathered by H. B. within the limits. Was he entitled to score the bird or not?.....

1. If Burkhardt insisted on Pfleger shooting his remaining chances, before shooting off the tie, our opinion is that he was bound to do so; the regular chances should be given to him for shooting the tie, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon. If Pfleger is elected to give up the two remaining chances, and not shoot them at all, then, after deciding to shoot, and tying again on his other two chances, Pfleger had the right to demand that his antagonist should shoot off his tie there and then, providing there were sufficient birds and daylight for the purpose. Pfleger could not have insisted on Burkhardt shooting at ten birds to tie him, because Pfleger's ten were shot on two chances, whereas Burkhardt had but one tie, if we understand the case correctly. 2. Unless there was positive evidence that the bird fell from the outside shot, Bernhardt is entitled to score. According to our correspondent, the bird was "struck hard" by Bernhardt's shot, and remained in bounds; whereas, on the other hand, it is merely stated that the bird was *shot at* by an outsider, at the distance of (supposed) 100 yards; the chances are in favor of Bernhardt, and he should score the bird.

J. G. W., Philad'l'a.—1. A batsman is considered out, when his wicket is knocked down, and neither of his feet or bat be grounded within the popping crease. 2. If in the act of bowing the bowler should knock down the wicket at his end, it would not be considered a "no ball." 3. The 13th rule expressly states, that all runs obtained for wide balls should be scored to wide balls, so that if two runs are made on a "wide" they should be both scored as "wide" and not as "byes." 4. Read the last clause of the 12th rule, which says "but if the batsman shall by any means bring himself within reach of the ball, the run shall not be adjudged."

The Right Bower—*Euchre*.—1. A and B are playing as partners, against C and D; A deals; C is "passed" around to him, A, who takes it up, and plays it alone. C immediately cries out "alone" against him. Now, is this a legitimate point in the game, or not? They play, and C takes off his tricks. Is he entitled to score four points for it as an "alone" hand, or only two, as a simple euchre?.....

He is only entitled to two points, having euchred his adversary. He is entitled to no privileges for having euchred his adversary, alone" hand.

Equerry, Philad'l'a.—*Base Ball*.—It depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case. Ordinarily, if a player is on the 23 base, and one on the 3d, and the former runs for the 3d base, forgetting there is a player there, the one occupying it first has the right to it, the player on the 2d being liable to be put out. You should always give the particulars in such matters.

MUSCLE, Baylavia.—Ropes rigged through pulleys, with weights fastened on the end, opposite to those which are taken in the hands. Can be rigged through two upright posts, at a height to suit yourself, either sitting or standing.

ENQUIRER, New Haven.—Thomas White is 25 years of age, 5 feet 10 1/2 in height, and weighs 165 lbs. Robert Chambers, the conqueror of White in the late Thames championship match, is 29 years of age, 5 ft 9 1/2 in height, and weighs 158 lbs.

JONES HAUGHTON.—An inquiry for the whereabouts of Mr. H. was made some time since in this department. Mr. Haughton's address is at W. Rutter's, Second street, between Mound and Howard street, St. Louis.

N. MCB., Biddiford, Me.—Dominick Bradley was born in Ireland—we do not think he is 30 years of age. 2. Simon Byrne was an Irishman. 3. Heenan's parents are natives of Ireland.

WM. MOHRE, Galveston, Texas.—1. Jack Langans (not Landen) weight was 174 lbs, and his height 5 ft, 10 inches. 2. Tom Spring weight was 184 lbs, and his height 5 ft, 11 inches.

C. DEAN, Louisville.—We have no time to devote to engaging people. Your better plan would be to advertise, and make your selection according to the merit of those offering.

CONSTANT READER, Yorkville.—Of the tragedians Forrest, Booth, Eddy and Davenport, we consider the last named as the best dramatic reader.

ROBBINS, Detroit.—Foxiana has long been out of print, and a copy is only occasionally offered for sale by those who have no further use for the work.

J. M. H., Gambier, O.—Flora Temple has not made faster time in public than 2:19 1/4. What she may have done in private, we cannot say.

O. D., Savannah.—North's Circus performed all last week in Brooklyn. A letter sent to our care will probably reach Charley Lewis.

WILL Boy, Charleston.—It depends much upon their qualifications; if they are worthy, there is a fair chance of success for them.

B. Philad'l'a.—Charley Lynch was beaten by Eighty in their first fight; but in their second match, Lynch was the winner.

J. W. F., Chicago.—There is such a word in the English language as "Registrar." It signifies a secretary or register.

M. C., Boston.—We have not heard of him in a week or two. He was last in some one of the Eastern States.

COONRAD, NYACK.—The Daniel Drew is supposed to be the fastest steamer at present on the Hudson river.

SAM.—The dealer and the party begging have the right to fix the trumpet; the others have no say.

T. ALLSTONE BROWN, Philadelphia.—Have forwarded a couple of letters to the "item" office.

A. B., Aurora, Indiana.—Your poetic babies are rather too young for muscular development.

GRIZ, New York.—There was not a negro member in the last Massachussetts legislature.

ELM CITY.—Your three trays beat your adversaries' two pair of Jacks and Kings.

T. MILLER.—No horse in England, or elsewhere, ever ran a mile in one minute.

HORNBY.—C. has a chance to come in by making good the necessary stake.

TENNESSEE.—They can only be procured, through favor, from the members.

MOUNT VERNON, O.—Heenan and Morrissey fought for \$2,500 a side.

OLD SKINNER, South Boston.—We know of none richer than Mr. Astor.

BABER, Philad'l'a.—Address Dr. Graham, No. 109 Nassau street.

AUBURN HILL, Albany.—He did train Tom Sayers for a fight.

A. B., Buffalo.—We can only supply you the Pictorial.

PROMPT SIDE, Baltimore.—Send address.

G. R., St. Louis.—It is out of our line.

MR.—We have letters for Tom Jennings, Bernard McManus, of St. Louis, and Ed. Price.

FAY AND DECKER'S SCULLING MATCH.—This match is progressing although some little change has been made in the arrangements. It is now settled that the race shall take place on the 27th of November, for \$200 a side. Staten Island was to have furnished the racing ground, but as Tom Burns has sold out his place there, and it is now in the hands of some one who thinks more of lager beer than of sporting matters, the race will not take place there. It is probable that the event will be decided in the vicinity of Weehawken, although it is not yet definitely settled. We will keep our readers posted.

TWO MILE TIME.—In our last we stated that R. F. Clark, of Nahant, Sept. 16, 1859, rowed two miles in 14:02. Upon a closer scrutiny of the record, we find that the same rower has even done a little better than we have given him credit for; for in the Beacon Regatta of June, 1859, in the race for single pair sculls, distance two miles, R. F. Clark proved the winner, accomplishing the two miles in 13:52. The course was that usually pulled over in Boston, and the distance is said to be correctly measured.

BEAR AND DOG FIGHT.—On Thursday, 25th ult., a fight took place on the Fair Grounds at Richmond, Va., between Aiken's bulldog, of New York, and Irwin's bear. The match was for \$500, and was won by the dog, the bear being killed before the combat terminated.

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THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 150 Laurens street, New York. Also wines, liquors, cigars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the Ring Master. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-51*

THE FALSTAFF.—HARRY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Sodas, constantly on hand. Farm and East every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone in the chair. 3-51*

JOHN AARON has opened a Sparring School at Montgomery Hall, 78 Prince street, where he has every facility for, and is prepared to instruct gentlemen in the art of self defence, on reasonable terms. Gentlemen can be waited on at any hour during the day or evening. Call and see, and judge of his abilities. 39-15

JAMES MASSEY, (late of London,) No 232½ Bowery, near Houston street, New York. Foreign and domestic newspapers taken regularly. Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings. 39-15

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 43-5

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 43-5

HEENAN'S COLORS.—We have few more of Heenan's colors, under which he fought the great "International Fight," which may be had for five dollars each.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HEENAN.—A few copies of an excellent photographic likeness of the champion, may be had by addressing the CLIPPER office, price \$1 50.

ROCHE AND MCGLADE'S MATCH.—We were waited upon by John Roche and John McGlaide, on the 26th ult., who informed us that they had come to a mutual agreement to fight their match out at catch weight. In one word, after the agreement should be properly signed, we would do nothing of the kind without the sanction of their backers, to which Roche responded that his backer was perfectly agreeable to such arrangement. McGlaide's backer, a Boston gentleman, it seems had not been consulted in the matter, and we therefore stated that we would wait on him on the subject, and get his views. A letter was forwarded on the 26th. Roche appears very anxious to have the fight settled at once, as he gave up his business when the match was made, and is still idle. What arrangement he has made in regard to his ball he did not inform us, but from the fact that he desires to fight at once we presume that the "powers that be" have "let up" on him. Unless the backers of the men sanction Roche and McGlaide's arrangement, the fight cannot take place until the time named by us.

FITZ AND O'NEIL'S MATCH.—These two pugs, the former of Providence, and the latter of Worcester, have completed their arrangements, and will at once proceed to train for the event in hand. The match is for \$500 aside, and the fight is to come off on the 4th of December. It is probable that Hen. Winkie will train O'Neil.

AARON JONES AND GEORGE KING.—We stated in last week's CLIPPER, that \$25 a side, had been agreed for a match between Aaron Jones and George King, and that another \$25 was to be held to increase the deposit, and sign articles. Wednesday evening, 24th inst., was the time appointed, and the backer of Jones was present, and signified his readiness to put down an additional \$200 on behalf of Jones; but King, it appears, had had time to reflect, and did not appear inclined to go on with the match; and at the hour named for making the forfeit good, neither he nor his money was forthcoming, but Jones did not claim for it; on the contrary, he expressed his willingness to give his opponent a little time. The upshot was, that when King appeared, he, King, declined to go on with the match, and Aaron Jones thereupon was declared entitled to the forfeit of \$25.

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN PRICE AND KELLY.—We have received the following letter, in connection with some incidental arrangements of the above:

BUFFALO, Oct. 24, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN.—Dear Sir: Permit me to call the attention of the sporting fraternity to a circumstance that occurred at the time Ed. Price, of Boston, and James Kelly, of your city (better known as Australian Kelly), fought at Point Abino, Canada West. It was agreed that both parties should go to the place of fighting—namely, Point Abino—on the same boat; but in consequence of the likelihood of some little trouble with the authorities of this city, it was deemed advisable to abandon the idea of chartering any boat for the purpose of carrying the principals and spectators to the scene of action. Thereupon, it was agreed on the part of Kelly, by himself, with me and James Riley, of this city, that we should furnish the ropes and stakes for the ring, take the same to Canada, and put the ring up; the understanding between Price and Kelly being that the winner of said battle was to pay all expenses of the said ring; and it was also agreed on the part of Price, that we, the aforesaid parties, should have all charge of making said ring, furnishing ropes, and stakes, &c. The agreement entered into, on the part of Price, was from the lips of no other person than John C. Heenan; the instructions received from Heenan to Mr. George Humphrey and myself being that we should jointly furnish the material for said ring, and that the victor would settle all costs. Accordingly, we purchased ropes and stakes, and put up said ring; but up to this time have never been able to get any payment for the same, although I have even taken the trouble to address Mr. Charles Godfrey, of Boston, as I understood him to be the principal backer of Price, but have never received an answer. I also wrote to Mr. Price, through your care, and never received a reply. Now, I think it is about full time that those ropes and stakes were paid for, as we have never received one cent from any one. It is expected by some of us that Price would have paid Mr. George Humphrey the bill, as he was particularly acquainted with him; but Mr. Humphrey positively asserts that he has not received anything from Price, nor from any one else on that account. And furthermore, that the far cup which he lent Price to train in had not been paid for. I do not wish to cast any stigma upon the character of Mr. Price, until we shall know the whole of the facts. As for Mr. Heenan, I am perfectly satisfied he is entirely ignorant of the whole matter. But I would like to see it cleared up, and trust, for Price's sake, that he will do so to the entire satisfaction of all. I should also like to hear Mr. G's statement. Yours, &c., J. B.

Jack MacDonald proclaims himself to be a native of Dublin, so that he cannot have lived all his life in England.—ED. CLIPPER.

A SISTER'S APPEAL.—Near Troy, N. Y., recently, two individuals named Wheeler and Jack Brann, attempted to settle a little difficulty between them, according to the rules of the "magic circle," when the "fun" was stopped, at the conclusion of the second round, by the appearance in the ring of the sister of Brann, who, clinging to her brother, insisted on his return home. He followed her advice.

CARD.—FRANK QUEEN.—Last week I was arrested and accused of an offence of which I am not guilty. It is true, I left Boston, but not through fear. My backers and friends in Boston used me well, and if I have done anything to offend them, or anything that is dishonest, let them state the facts to you. I left Boston because Mr. Grew and myself had a few words, and I came on to New York merely to give an exhibition. When I shall have had it, I will return to Boston. I have had several challenges, but accept none until I satisfy my backer in my match with Roche. John McGlaide.

BURNED DOWN.—Australian Kelly's place in Weehawken having been consumed a short time since, we have it from good authority that Mr. Kelly is fitting up a splendid saloon in the Bowery, on a style of princely magnificence, to be used both as a restaurant and hotel. Opening night will be announced due season.

JOHN McGLADE TURNED UP.—By a telegraphic despatch from Boston, McGlaide requested a full charge of robbery, while coming out of a saloon in the Bowery on Monday last. It appears that he had a quarrel with a man named Ferguson in Boston, and the said party adopted this method to get back at him. Soon after his arrival he dispatched a came to the effect that money only was wanted to settle it, and the justice, finding no one to appear against the pug, discharged him. Johnny says it was a dead beat, but the getts up of the job didn't make anything by it.

DENNY HORNIGAN'S BLOWERS takes place at Wm. Butler's Chelsea Motor Rooms, corner of 23rd street and 9th Avenue, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st. Johnny Monaghan, Mike Trainer, J. McGlaide, Dan Con Foley, George King, and several others of the boxing fraternity will be on hand to "boil" each other's "pugs" for the amusement of those who may patronize the gallant little Hornigan, who deserves a helping hand. Denny will wind up with his old antagonist, Harry Lazarus. The tickets issued at an earlier day for the "show" postponed on account of the Union T. rch fight Procession, will admit the holders thereof to the exhibition on the evening mentioned above.

JOHNSON MACKAY AND JOHN SWEETMAN are at present at Indianapolis, having concluded their tent exhibition in a tour of the fairs. They are now about to give room exhibitions through the principal cities, until they reach New York.

CHARLES HAINES, has just opened a large hall in Terre Haute, Indiana, which he intends to devote to sporting purposes, such as sparring, rating, chicken disputes, etc. Sportsman's Hall is the name chosen by Mr. Haines for his house.

ZEEK'S BARNET.—Report in type, but crowded out.

SPORTS A BROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

From the London Sporting Life, Oct. 10.

FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG JERRY HAWKES AND JACK OWENS FOR TEN SOVS.

These two aspirants for fist fame, both being novices, for some time past have been matched to decide the question of superiority of use of their mittens. But for good reasons it has been kept very "quiet," however, Monday last was the day named for the decision of the moist point, and the deposits of the rhino were duly made to Mr. Hutchcliffe, of the Pencutters' Arms, Newcut, who was named final stakeholder. All this being adjusted, the lads, with a few of their friends, met at an early hour on the above named day, at a well known railway terminus, and after a pleasant repast, by rail, took to the water, and made for an oft visited spot, which, by safety reached, was the scene of their "toutes." They were to fight at catch weight, and there was a disparity in size and height, Owens standing considerably over his opponent, and weighing at least a stone heavier. Hawkes being about 7st 6lb. A well-known and popular "pug" having consented to act as referee, the men entered the ring, Hawkes being waited upon by his brother Harry and Donovan, while Jim Hart and Bill Howe did the attentive to Owens. All being in readiness, at half past nine, the lads, with their seconds, crossed hands, and stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On throwing themselves into attitude it was easily seen that Hawkes was the more artistic of the two, and that he had some experience in the use of the mittens. He danced lightly round his opponent, who stood right foot first, and looked an awkward customer to get at. Hawkes opened the ball by lunging out his left at the bread basket, which alighted there and sounded all over the ring; he then invested with the right on his opponent's left cheek; this led to some good exchanges, in which Hawkes again visited Owens' jaw, and in return got some rare rib-roasters. They closed, and both went down side by side. [First blood was claimed for Hawkes, and allowed, the ruby being seen distilling from a slight crack on Owens' cheek.]

2. It was evident that both meant fighting; Hawkes was no sooner up than he dashed out his left duke on the nasal organ of Owens, who, in return, gave master Jerry a timber smasher with his left. Jerry then got a little one in on Jack's big pan; they closed, and after losing five hours of my time I was obliged to return to the city without having the opportunity of testing our respective merits. What I complain of is, that McGlaide should act in this unprofessional manner. If he did not mean business, why put me and my friends to the trouble he did. I have, of course, claimed the forfeit, and think that I am justly entitled to it. But enough. I will merely add that I am ready and willing to stand to my former challenge, and hoping that if accepted I shall not have to make another complaint of "non-appearance" on the part of McGlaide.

I am, sir, respectfully yours, JACK BATH.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1860.

DEATH OF JACK MONTGOMERY.—We were informed some time ago that Jack Montgomery, well known in pugilistic circles, had left this city for New Orleans, since which time we have heard nothing from him until Friday last, when we received a letter dated New Orleans, Oct. 18, 1860, in which it was stated that Jack Montgomery died in New Orleans on the 29th of September, of congestive fever, in the 55th year of his age. Mr. Montgomery was a native of Baltimore. The letter is signed by Mrs. A. Montgomery, the wife of Jack.

REMARKS.

As will be seen from the above account, neither man is entitled to be called a fighting man, so far as science goes, but for indomitable pug and perseverance under difficulties, none could surpass Dutton, who took his gruel smilingly throughout the contest. Macarthy proved himself the better fighter, never allowing his man to get on him at all, though he had been a punishing hitter, the fight could not have lasted half an hour; but both fought very widely, and spent many of their blows in the air. The winner can have the money by calling at our office on Friday next, at 12 o'clock.

J. BARNES AND W. HAYTER.

A fight was announced to come off on Monday last in the Portman district for a "tenner," between the above men, but owing to the bad management of those principally concerned, it did not come off satisfactorily. The first pitch took place at a boozin, near Beckham Castle, near where Cribb and Molineaux fought, before a blow was struck, the hitherto "invisible blues" made their appearance, and a speedy adjournment was necessary. A fresh place was sought, and one found by four in the afternoon, when the police were again found, but the poor crew in attendance got roughly handled and dropped into a gravel pit. The ring was again pitched, and 55 rounds scrambled over in one hour and eight minutes, when the police made their appearance in strong numbers, and another "scraper" took place. The affair is consequently adjourned, and a day named. Owing to our press of sporting matters this week, we must leave full particulars till the completion of the fight.

FIGHT IN BIRMINGHAM.

On Monday last, at an early hour, a number of the lovers of the game, who were in the know, left the hardware village for a retired spot, near Walsall (in England), to see the settlement of the difference and £10 between Joe Crook and Tommy Miles, both

of old Brum, who had the scratch after all the usual preliminaries were arranged.

Our reporter was there to take notice of the proceedings,

which we are happy to say were conducted in much better

form than was the case at the great fight between Brettle and Mace,

Joe Warham and Morris Pheian attended upon Miles, whilst Jess

Widby and a friend did the amiable for Crook.

Space will not allow us to go round for round, but a most game and determined affair it was, so long as it lasted.

Crook gained first blood in the 1st

round by a sharp blow on the nasal organ.

In the third round

Miles returned the compliment by a tremendous left hander,

lancing

Miles had it all his own way.

Crook took his gruel as game as a

man could; but his friends saw he had not the least chance of

turning the scale, and at the expiration of 41 minutes, threw up the sponge in token of defeat.

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THE ENGLISH TURF.

NEWMARKET RACES.

The Newmarket second October meeting commenced on Monday, 7th ult. The weather was windy and cold, and the attendance not so numerous as on former occasions. Among the events of the second day we find the following:

SWEEPSTAKES of £200 each and the Whip. R.C. 4 sub.

Mr. Powlett's Special Licence, by The Cossack, out of Bridal, 10st

Mr. Ten Brock's Starke, by Wagner—Red (breed in America), 10st

Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Special Licence and The Promised Land, and 3 to 1 agst Starke. Starke made play, Special Licence tying second, and Promised Land third. On passing the Bushes, Special Licence went in front, and opposite to the New Stand, Starke was beaten. At the Turn of the Lands, Special Licence was joined by Promised Land. A slapping race home resulted in favor of Mr. Merritt's colt by head. Starke was beaten off.

THE CESAREWICH STAKES.—TUESDAY, Oct. 9.

The early morning was very cold, and dark heavy clouds gathered over the town, and occasionally slight rain fell, but a brisk wind rapidly drove the threatening "curtains of the sky" away. At an

early hour the subscription rooms were surrounded by an anxious

crowd, and after the arrival of the morning train, the assemblage

was, as a mat. of course, materially increased. About half past eleven the London coach arrived. It was drawn by two powerful engines, and the number of carriages proved the heavy nature of the

arrows impaled to the scene of action.

THE CESAREWICH STAKES, a free handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 20 added by the Jacky Club, for three year olds and upwards; the winner of a handicap value 330 sovs. after the publication of the weights (Sept. 17, at eleven, a.m.) to carry 1lb. of any other handicap, 3 lb. extra, the extra weight to be accumulative up to 10lb., the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs. to the judge Cesarewich Course, 54 sub. Mr. W. Day's Dulcibella, by Voigtiger, Priests, 3 years, 6 stone 11lb. 11b. 10b.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—\$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 for one year. Club of four, \$7.00 per annum; club of eight, \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$18.00 per annum—in all cases \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$18.00 per annum—in all cases \$12.00 per annum.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

MATCHES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF BASE BALL CLUBS.—The series of games between the Atlantic and Eckford clubs decides the question of the championship for this season, and taking all things into consideration we hope that the question will practically remain at rest; for we candidly confess that we think these matches are anything but calculated to promote the interests of the game, or "the cultivation of kindly feelings among the different members of Base Ball clubs." Some of the contests for the championship have been characterized by the right kind of spirit, but generally speaking the excitement and spirit of rivalry attendant upon them has led to conduct that was anything but a friendly character. The Atlantics, up to the date of our writing, and we reckon we shall not be far wrong if we write up to the present time, have been the Champion Club for four years. The only clubs that have contested with them for the coveted title are the Excelsior and Eckford clubs. The former played three matches with them this season, the first of which they won, and the second they lost; the third being considered a drawn game by mutual consent. The Eckfords have played two games, and before this appears in print will have played a third. The first they lost, the second the Atlantics lost, and the third we shall give the result of in our next. Of the three clubs the Eckfords have been the most successful in this season's play, as they have lost but two games—in first nine matches—and those with the Atlantic Club, whereas the Atlantics have lost two, had one the game and one drawn, the Excelsiors also losing two and having one drawn. The Excelsior and Eckford clubs have never played together, owing to some club difficulty that occurred between them during the series of Fashion Course matches. We should have thought that the good feeling innate in both clubs would have long since obliterated any ill feeling that might have arisen between them. Next season we trust to see these three strong and excellent clubs play together with that cordiality and friendship that should characterize the conduct of every player or admirer of our manly pastime. When the rivalry between clubs is carried to an extent that leads to mutual jealousy and ill-feeling, it is about time that matches should cease to be played, and under such circumstances we advise all clubs to follow the example of the Knickerbockers, and ignoring all match games between club and club, confine themselves to pleasant and gentlemanly games among themselves, when they can enjoy the contests as a recreation and healthful exercise. But we hope for better things. We have seen this season, over and over again, exciting, close and interesting contests played between clubs, with the best of feeling, but again we have seen others quite the reverse. Outside influence has had a great deal to do with the difficulty in some respects, but mainly, we think, the cause of disturbance may be traced indirectly to the clubs themselves. However, what is past should be forgotten, except for what it can teach us to avoid; and we therefore look forward to the inauguration next season of a class of matches devoid of the objectionable features that have characterized many this year.

GYMNASIUM IN UNION WITH EDUCATION.—We learn from the *Daily Commercial* of Cincinnati, that while the School Board of that city has been greatly disturbed on the question of introducing gymnastic exercises, for the incidental benefit and amusement of the pupils, the people of a neighboring district, assisted by the principal of their school, have settled the matter so far as regards themselves. Employing a well-known professor, they have set him to work, and now, trap-traps and scones of other feats which are the proper teachings of a gymnasium, are the daily pastime of the young learners during their intervals of rest from their books. It is further stated that, last year, when the regular closing exhibition at the school was reported, the journal in question had to remark on the ungainly appearance and manner of the pupils generally, in opposition to the superiority in these respects shown by the German children, who had taken the initiative in the good move at the Turner's Hall. We are also informed by the *Commercial*, that, with the view of further benefit to the scholars, the Zanfretta and Seigrist Troupe have been engaged to perform before them. This is as it should be, and we give it our heartiest commendation.

BRADY'S SEVENTH REGIMENT GYMNASIUM.—This new establishment, situated at No. 20 St. Mark's Place (Eighth street), is announced for opening on the evening of the 1st inst., (Thursday,) when members of the regiment and their friends will be admitted. This opening is preliminary to the regular commencement, which will take place contemporaneously with the opening of the new (Seventh Regiment's) armory, over Tompkins Market, when the public are invited to attend. The band of the Seventh will be present on the evening of the 1st, in addition to a host of members belonging to the several gymsnasia of New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT RALPH FARNHAM.—Two interesting facts are stated in connection with this veteran—namely, that in the whole course of the hundred and four years he has lived, he required the services of a physician only once, when he broke a bone in his leg through falling on the ice; while the only medicine he ever took was that administered to him while a youth, for the measles. We learn that the total amount subscribed to Boston for the gallant old man amounts to more than \$600.

WARD, the champion sculler of America, is out with a card, in answer to a challenge which seems to have been put forth by one of our up river boatmen. The challenge we have not seen. The following is Ward's reply, however:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1860.

I accept William Burger's challenge, and will row him five or ten miles for the sum of two or five hundred dollars. Money ready at B. B. O'Neill's National House, 49 and 51 Front street, Newburgh.

JOSHUA WARD, Champion of America.

A SAD CASE, IF TRUE.—We find the following item going the rounds of the press in this country. As we find no mention of such a circumstance in London Sporting Journals, the item, no doubt, is a *canard*. We give it, however, as we find it:—

WINTER, the defeated aspirant for the championship of the Thames, was so chagrined at the easy victory of Chambers, that he hung himself the next day after his defeat.

THE MAN WITH FIVE WIVES, BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.—This is one of the series of popular novels in course of publication by the Peterson Brothers, of No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Like all the works claiming the parentage of Dumas, it is full of exciting incident and narrative. 212 pages, price 50 cents. Frederick A. Brady, New York agent.

THE RUINED GAMESTER, BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.—Another issue of the Petersons' press, and in price and manner of getting up precisely the same as the book first noticed, and also like it in the style of composition.

ON THE TRACK.—Among the sporting men on the Fashion Course, L. L., on the 25th ult., on the occasion of the roadster's trotting affair, were John C. Heenan and John Morrissey. As usual their movements were closely scrutinized by the assemblage present.

THE STEAMBOAT DREW'S CHALLENGE.—We do not find that the Dan'l Drew's challenge is likely to be accepted, notwithstanding the great speed claimed for other boats.

EVILS OF MENTAL PREOCCUPY.—There is no country in the world so celebrated for its precocious children, smart young men and brilliant young women as these United States, and no where else is the forcing system in reference to the mind so continuously, and we might add, so perniciously carried out, whether by parents, guardians, or teachers. A smart child in the family is sure to be caressed, petted, and humored even to its very faults, so long as it happens to be in anywise witty or funny, and this too, at the sacrifice of all the other essentials that go to make up the man or woman. In fact, in the bringing up of children, we fall into the same error that we do in making furniture, or building houses, namely, get them up to look at, or to amuse ourselves with, rather than for usefulness, stability and endurance; or, in other words, we strive to make ladies and gentlemen of them, according to the modern acceptance of the terms, rather than men and women. The evils of this sort of education, are happily set forth, in the annexed quotation from Dr. W. A. Cornell's work on "How to enjoy life":—

"The premature development of the mind and neglect of the body have long been prominent evils in our educational system. It is often very pleasant to fond parents to see how bright, intelligent, and witty their child is; and they often find great satisfaction in showing to others the brilliancy and mental sprightliness of their precocious darlings. Such parents know not what they are doing. All the praise lavished by such parental folly, and fond aunts, and doting grandmothers, and injudicious friends, tends to the serious injury and almost certain destruction of their children. Their keen flashes and sparkling witicism are but the indications of an over-stretched mind and a neglected body. Our system of education thus destroys many children every year. This neglect of the physical and stimulating the mental man is the more to be deplored, from the fact that this early precocity is wholly unnecessary; because, many of the best educated and most useful men the world has ever seen were very dull pupils in early childhood. Andrew Fuller, Sir Walter Scott and Daniel Webster were all very dull scholars when children; and yet, who has ever done more in theological discussion than the former? Or, who, at the Bar and in the Senate, than the latter?"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ANOTHER FREE TOURNAMENT.—A third Free handicap chess Tournament is now being organized at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," southeast corner of Broadway and Fourth street, at which, as usual at so popular and liberally-managed a resort, it is expected thirty-two knights of all colors will contend for the prizes in themselves considered, and the choicer reward, the honors of victory. The first prize consists of an elegantly framed full-length portrait of the Chess King; the second, a copy of Mr. Staunton's splendid "Praxis"; the third, a valuable watch. M-srs. Kappner & Klatz will please accept our thanks for a polite invitation to take a lance in the Tournament. Titting to commence on the 10th inst. We shall keep our readers posted in the progress of this the most interesting chess event New York furnishes, as yet, this season.

ENIGMA No. 248.

BY HERR KLING.

From Bell's Life.

at his 6th, at her R 2d.

at home, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 3d.

White mates in two moves.

at Q Kt 2, Q 2, K 3, Q R 4th.

at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 2d.

Black, with the move, wins.

PROBLEM No. 248.—TOURNAMENT No. 63.

"Unassuming Merit is Superior to Brilliance."

BY N. C. REED, M. D.

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at Q Kt 2, Q 2, K 3, Q R 4th.

at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 2d.

Black, with the move, wins.

at his 6th, at her R 2d.

at home, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 3d.

White mates in two moves.

at Q Kt 2, Q 2, K 3, Q R 4th.

at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 2d.

Black, with the move, wins.

at his 6th, at her R 2d.

at home, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 3d.

White mates in two moves.

at Q Kt 2, Q 2, K 3, Q R 4th.

at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 2d.

Black, with the move, wins.

at his 6th, at her R 2d.

at home, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 3d.

White mates in two moves.

at Q Kt 2, Q 2, K 3, Q R 4th.

at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 2d.

Black, with the move, wins.

at his 6th, at her R 2d.

at home, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 3d.

White mates in two moves.

at Q Kt 2, Q 2, K 3, Q R 4th.

at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 2d.

Black, with the move, wins.

at his 6th, at her R 2d.

at home, Q Kt sq, Q Kt 3d.

White mates in two moves.

BALL PLAY.

GRAND MATCH AT BEDFORD.

ATLANTIC vs ECKFORD.—The return game of the series between these clubs was played at Bedford on Monday, October 22d, on which occasion the Atlantics met with their second defeat this season, the Eckfords winning the game by a score of 20 to 15. Only seven innings were played, although the 8th was commenced, but before its close darkness rendered a suspension play necessary. The weather was unfavorable both for the presence of the spectators and for the players, as it was a damp, cloudy day, threatening rain every minute, and the ground was wet and slippery. The Atlantics did not have their full nine out on this occasion, as Oliver was absent. P. O'Brien took his place at 2d base, and played it well, too, especially in stopping balls, but Peter's substitute at left field—F. Seinsoth—fell far short of his mark in fielding, several important misses on the field being charged to him. The Eckfords, too, were short of George Grum's services at 3d base, but Brown creditably filled his place in the nine, and Pidgeon, when not pitching, played nicely at 3d base, which is George's usual position. The game was well-contested up to the 4th innings, when the Atlantics commenced making changes in the position of their players, much to our surprise, as we thought the experience of this season had taught them the entire uselessness of such changes. If any player of a nine plays poorly in his regular position, it is very certain that he is not going to play any better, if as well, in another to which he is comparatively unaccustomed. At any rate, the Atlantics have never, in a solitary instance, reaped any advantage from it; on the contrary, they have always played worse than wherein they have made these changes. The result of the first 3d innings was a game that was a score of 6 and 6, the Atlantics having made their 6 in their 2d innings, and the Eckfords theirs by single runs in the two first innings and 4 in the 3d. Each party scored 7 runs in the 4th and 5th innings, the score being 13 to 13, at the close of the 5th. The 6th and 7th innings only yielded the Atlantics two runs, the fielding of the Eckfords being excellent against the good batting of their opponents. The Eckfords made nothing in their 6th innings, the Atlantics fielding in their old style in this innings, but in the 7th they scored 7 runs by really splendid batting. Woods being the only player that did not make a good hit in this innings, he striking out. The 1st striker in this innings was missed on the bound by F. Seinsoth at left field, the second reached his 3d base and got home on a wild throw of Joe Oliver's at 3d base, and the third was missed on the fly by Joe Oliver at centre field, the first catch we have seen him miss for a long time; thus this innings by good fielding might have been a blank instead of a score of 7. Smith went on to pitch in this innings, Matty O'Brien going to 31. Pearce played catcher in the three last innings, and Boerum short field. Of those who marked their play creditably, we would mention P. O'Brien for stopping balls well and close attention to the 2d base, Boerum for good catching—Pearce not playing as well behind as he has done—Price for good play at 1st base, he putting out 11 players at that point; Smith at 31, and Hamilton at right field. M. O'Brien, too, played well in his position as pitcher, and Pearce first rate at short field. The only one that was at all requisite being at left field. On the part of the Eckford nine, Pidgeon's play as pitcher, and especially at 3d base was excellent, as was that of Mason at left field, who made three beautiful catches on the fly, and one good one on the bound. Snyder, however, was not fielding as well as a perfect catch on the fly, running in well for it, and his brother made a pretty running catch on the bound. Beach played finely at catcher, and Woods at 2d base, Grum pitched well in three innings, and Brown was active on the right field. Campbell did not field as well as usual, and Josh Snyder was below his mark in this respect. The score shows who batted best. An incident occurred in the 6th innings, which is worthy of notice. Smith had reached his 2d base, and Boerum was on the 1st, when Seinsoth hit a ground ball to left field, which first struck the ground behind the line of the home and 3d base, owing to Seinsoth's standing back of the line at the home base. The cry of foul was not heard, and Seinsoth reached his 1st base, Boerum his 2d, and Smith reached home, just as Beach had called to the fielders to send the ball to the pitcher, whereupon Smith ran across the field to the 2d base, thus complying with the letter of the law which requires players running bases on a foul ball to return to them, but evading the intent of the rule which was intended to require players to retrace their steps, that is, return by the route they came. The wording of the rule, Section 16, will have to be changed at the next convention to suit such an emergency. We noticed on this occasion, that the Atlantics did not show that discipline they did in the last two matches they have played. Without it, they can never expect to play as well or with as much pleasure, as they would were they to preserve a perfect discipline in playing their matches. They can have no better captain than Mr. Boerum, and no better catcher, and they can make no improvement in the positions of their regular players. When united and in good trim, no club in existence can defeat them, but when in the condition they were in this match, we shall not be surprised to see them defeated. Before we close, we would especially commend the excellent decisions of Mr. A. Brainerd as Umpire. He had several close points to decide upon, and gave his decisions promptly and with good judgment, and throughout impartiality. The decisions on both sides were excellent, as nearly every player stood back of the line of his base, and when the balls were struck on the ground, the result was, that they went in front of the bases though first striking behind them, consequently they appeared to all to be fair balls, though in reality they were decidedly foul. Both clubs were fully satisfied with the decisions, and expressed themselves to that effect at the close of the game, at the club rooms, where hearty cheers were given for the Umpire. The Eckfords were as usual hospitably entertained by the Atlantics at the close of the game, and wended their way home highly elated with their well earned victory. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

ECKFORD.

NAME	H. L. RUNS	NAME	H. L. RUNS
P. O'Brien, 1st base.....	3	Manot, 1st field.....	2
P. O'Brien, 2d base.....	2	Grum, 3d base.....	3
Pearce, short stop.....	3	Woods, 2d base.....	3
Joe Oliver, centre field.....	1	Pidgeon, pitcher.....	3
Hamilton, right field.....	3	Beach, catcher.....	1
Smith, 3d base.....	4	Campbell, 1st base.....	2
Boerum, catcher.....	4	Brown, right field.....	3
F. Seinsoth, left field.....	3	Josh Snyder, short stop.....	3
M. O'Brien, pitcher.....	1	Snyder, centre field.....	2
Total.....	15	Total.....	20

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Atlantic..... 0 6 0 3 4 1 1 — 15

Eckford..... 1 1 4 4 3 0 7 — 20

F. Seinsoth, left field.....

M. O'Brien, pitcher.....

Total.....

15 Total.....

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Eckford..... 1 1 4 4 3 0 7 — 20

F. Seinsoth, left field.....

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Announcements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.
The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work must be done by them who will be faithfully attended at Morning Times office. 20-6m.
Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 15-3m.
Baltimore, Md. Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st. (basement). 15-3m.
Cleveland, O. T. J. Quinlan & Co., 174 Ontario street. 15-6m.

REYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

JERRY NEIL and DAN BRYANT, Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-
Renowned REYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present
popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled
artists—

JERRY BRYANT, DAN BRYANT, D. S. WAMPOLD,
J. H. SIVORI, W. L. HOBBS, M. A. SCOTT,
G. W. CHARLES, DAN EMMETT, P. B. ISAACS,
JAS. CARROLL, N. W. GOULD, PAUL BERGER,
T. NORTON, T. J. PEEL, NEIL BRYANT,

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c.
The first to introduce the following popular acts—

Essence of Old Virginiany, Scenes at Phalen's, D. S. WAMPOLD,
Scenes at Gurney's, Change Dance, M. A. SCOTT,
The Three Hunters, Surprise Party, P. B. ISAACS,
The Garrotters, American Polka, PAUL BERGER,
Dural MacDull Darroll's, Grape Vine Twist, NEIL BRYANT,
Mississippi Fling, And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White
Wash Arms, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gouler, Whose
Beel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Bed, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low
Mounds, High Low Jig, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.

Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
NEW ORGANIZATION

AND
TRIPLE COMBINATION!
Consisting of
CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,
And the most Carefully Selected Company of
ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced.

LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1860-61.

M. V. HERANDEZ, HARRY LEIR,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX, W. ALONZO OWENS,
H. S. RUMSEY, MILLIE ROSATI,
LITTLE BOBBY, JULES HUDSON,
E. FRENCHANI, YOUNG LANGLOISE,
MONS. B. YATESIE, CARL DE VINCENT,
J. GARATEQU, T. D. STANLEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB.

This Mammoth Enterprise will start its Annual Tour, West and
South, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.

CAROLINA PLANTATION.

Until the present season, we have announced ourselves as RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was ours by inheritance, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept on going to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But men lacking force, integrity, or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as Gypsies do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of the Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the vagrants above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and as some that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now traveling, living, save ourselves, have a right to assume themselfs to be CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

H. S. RUMSEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB,
Managers and Proprietors.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS

AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
NIROL'S SALOON.

R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27th, AND EVERY EVENING.

N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most recherche style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall not exceed anything of the kind ever offered to New York audience. Our Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL and UNAPPROACHABLE.

LOOK AT THE COMPANY!

BILLY BIRTH, J. UNSWORTH,
S. C. CAMPBELL, MASTER EUGENE,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, BEN COTTON,
J. B. DONNICKER, J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE, AUG. ASCHI,
J. J. HILLIARD, L. A. ZWISLER,
and R. M. HOOLEY.

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

**THE MOST COMPLETE AND
LARGEST MINSTREL TROUPE TRAVELLING,
again in the field for the year 1860 and '61.**

UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE

DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND;

TWENTY PERFORMERS,

consisting of the very flower of Ethiopian Artists in the profession.

SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ONLY ORIGINAL

**NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE,
AND MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,**

Are on the move for the West, South, and the Island of Cuba, and during the present season they will visit the following cities: New Bedford, Lynn, Springfield, Worcester, Boston, Providence, N. H., Brattleboro, Vermont, New Haven, Conn., Paterson, N. J., Albany, N. Y., Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Ohio, Troy, N. Y., Syracuse, Chicago, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Dubuque, Davenport, Iowa, St. Louis, Mo., Louisville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Miss., Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Havana, Cuba, Mobile, Ala., Montgomery, Savannah, Ga., Augusta, Charleston, S. C.; Columbia, Wilmington, N. C., Norfolk, Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; and stopping at all the principal towns along the whole route, on which occasion every member of this stupendous troupe will appear in an entirely new selection of Acts, selected from the gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

THE NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND, led by Mr. JOHN PRATT, will give a Grand Serenade in front of the Hall each evening previous to opening the doors.

Proprietors, SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN.

Manager and Business Agent, CHS. H. DUPREZ. 25 41*

**THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.**

**SYLVESTER BLEEKER, Proprietor and Manager
FROM 444 BROADWAY,**

WOOD'S MARBLE TROUPE OF MINSTRELS,

661 and 662 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Where they have been permanently located for the past ten years.

PAST TEN YEARS.

The Company consists of the following talented artists:—

RED DAVIS, SYLVESTER BLEEKER,
DAVE REED, J. W. BEYER,
C. CROSBY, E. HARRISON,
L. MEYERS, L. M. REESE,
W. SCOTT, MRS. NED DAVIS,
R. THOMPSON, FRANK EDWARDS,
FRANK WYANT, J. FRANCIS.

We will appear in our

BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENTS,

Illustrative of

SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY.

In the principal Cities and Towns of the United States.

SYLVESTER BLEEKER, Manager.

**MRS. MATT PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,**

Comprising

FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,

Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumer-
able patrons with their

BEAUTIFUL SINGING,

LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,

UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,

OPERATIC BURLESQUES, &c., &c.

Interspersed with a catalogue of over one hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of

CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARDS EXPLANATORY.

NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY.

NO FOOL MOUTHED SLANDERS,

As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

Particulars of the evening's amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.

25 41* J. T. HUNTERLY, Manager.

VENTRILLOQUISM MADE EASY.—Just published, a book of 96 pp. 25, explaining how every body may become a Ventriloquist. Sent free of postage, on receipt of 5 cents in cash or stamps, to

29-10* WY THE Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,
AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.

The largest, best and most respectable concert hall in the city, conducted upon a very different principle to any other like place in the country, talent being the great draw, and not outside show. Vulgar jokes, obscene songs, and numberless other aids disgusting to mention, which not only shock the sensitive, but cause numbers of persons to avoid every place of amusement indiscriminately, are avoided at the

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

The great success is a proof that the manager's efforts are appreciated.

The following talent will appear every evening:—

BILLY O'NEIL,

The only original Irish Comedian in America.

L. SIMMONS, in his great unequalled Banjo Solos.

W. G. COHN, the greatest Burlesque Orator of the day.

W. ALLEN, the celebrated Ethiopian Performer.

G. GAINES, the eccentric Delinquer.

F. SHAW, Extravagant and Comic Singer.

Mons. LA THORNE, the greatest Hercules.

THE ORRIN FAMILY, and

DON SANTIAGO GIBONNOISE.

PROF. NICHOLSONS AND SON.

In their beautiful and classical gymnastic groupings.

MISS CLARA HARRINGTON.

The American Nightingale, in some of the most popular ballads.

MISS JULIA CHRISTINE.

MISS KATE HARRISON.

MISS JULIA HAMILTON.

MISS EMILY MARSH.

MISS FLORENCE.

Mlle AUGUSTINE.

And a host of others, too numerous to mention.

ADMISSION, parquet, 20 cents; gallery, 10 cents.

R. W. BULLER, Proprietor.

Mons. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

F. VAN OLKEN, Musical Director.

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN,
BOWERY, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51. BOWERY,
PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.

THE MOST PERFECT ENTERTAINMENT.

GIVEN EVERY EVENING.

The Company consists of the best American, German, and Italian talent in the city.

NO DECEPTION. NO HUMBUG.

NO FEMALE WAITERS.

Visited by all classes, ladies as well as gentlemen. Ladies without gentlemen, and boys without guardians, not admitted.

Look at the array of talent:—

Mad. E. PARROELLI,

Mad. CONSTANTIN,

Miss CECELIE MORLEY,

Mr. CHAS. O'NEIL,

Miss SHIRLEY WALTON,

Mr. R. PARKER,

Miss ROSALIA,

Mad. DELIAHLOW,

Miss ADELAIDE,

Miss M. S. MASON,

Master GEORGE,

Sig. C. CONSTANTIN, Ballet Master.

And a complete Corps de Ballet.

The performance concludes every evening with a

GRAND PANTOMIME.

Admission 6 cents only.

Forty Musicians.

Leader, M. FLIRSHMAN.

29-1*

BELLER'S DETROIT CONCERT HALL,
NOS. 112 & 114 RANDOLPH STREET.

Stage Manager, W. B. CAVANAGH.

Musical Director, E. SPIEGEL.

Pianist, P. CUNY.

The best company of artists in the West.

</div

wanted in order that the managers may produce heavier pieces. Charles J. Fyffe and Alice Breslaw are the leading members of the company.

Agents on the look-out for halls in which to give entertainments of various descriptions, should not overlook the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, which is said to possess uncommon advantages for theatrical representations, concerts, etc. Thomas J. Quinlan, box 3201, Cleveland, is the agent.

A new drama called the "Quadroon; or, the Fourth Blood," was produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, October 20. It is founded on the story of Neighbor Jackwood.

Milwaukee is destitute of any kind of amusement at present, and has been without any permanent place since last spring, when the Webb Sisters and Billy O'Neil played there for two months, it being the opening of the New Academy of Music. A good theatrical company, a correspondent informs us, would do a good business there for three or four months by opening about the 15th of October. Zeb. T. Pierce & Co., we perceive, still continue to do the bill posting for our professional friends in that section of the country.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AND SHOW NEWS.—San Francisco, Sept. 30, 1860.—*TEAR FRANK*.—The following is a full and complete account of the theatrical, musical, and circus doings on the Pacific, at this time.

Chas. Whealeigh and the powerful star stock company, continue to attract crowded houses at the Opera House; they are now playing the "Wife's Secret," and have Bourcountain's "Grimaldi" underlined.

Lydia's English and Italian Opera Company have just returned from Sacramento, where they have been playing for the past two weeks, with but indifferent success; they will probably open here next week.

Ryer & Stark's Troupe have been to Marysville, Nevada, Grass Valley, and Sacramento, where they performed to immense houses. Miss Davenport being the attractive feature. They are at present in town.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne.—This talented and popular actress, who arrived by the last steamer, is in the city, but at present undecided what to do. The managers are all trying to secure her, but I think that she will take a theatre herself, and thus disappoint them all.

The Spanish Dramatic Company are at the Lyceum. The French Company play at the American to night.

The Bella Union Melodeon continues in the even tenor of its way. Sam Tello is fast becoming a rich manager.

Gilbert's Melodeon, as usual, commands its share of patronage. The Chapman family are the main attraction.

The Atheneum Melodeon, owned by Wells, Bray, Barker and Hussey, is to be a popular resort. At present, Po-ca-hon-tas with Julia Pelby and J. W. Thomas are the features.

Metropolitan Circus.—This establishment was taken to Sacramento by Maguire, but proved a hating spec.

Frank Mayo, a very promising young actor, has just returned from Victoria and Oregon, after an absence of six months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sims have sailed for Australia.

A rumor is afloat to the effect that Mme. Eliza Biscaccianti is engaged to sing at the Athenaeum Melodeon.

John S. Polter and Robinson Family are in Oregon.

Clark of Rye will probably re-open the American Theatre on Wednesday next, with Miss Davenport as their first star. [Good ones don't seem even here, and command high salaries.—Ed. Clip.]

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In his personation of the hero in the drama of "Poor Young Man" at the Gayety Theatre, Albany, Mr. Sothern seems to have won as much applause as in Dunderby and other characters. His new play of "Suspense" was produced last week, and elicited a warm reception. From all appearances, Mr. Sothern's engagement at the above theatre will prove a successful one, both to himself and the manager; and the playgoers of the city will have to regret his absence. Meanwhile, a very amusing card has appeared in the Albany papers, in connection with Mr. Sothern, as an actor. It is signed by the manager of the Gayety, who, after noticing Mr. Sothern's delineation of a "poor young man," speaks of a new piece, musing singing, acting, and dancing, ready for production, and entitled "The Romance of a very Poor Young Oysterman, in which it is desirous that Mr. S. shall make his appearance ere he leaves Albany.

Subjoined will be found a few theatrical items from a correspondent in the Queen City of the West—Cincinnati, Ohio, Monday, Oct. 22d, 1860.—DEAR CLIPPER: Thinking a few theatrical items from our goodly city will not prove uninteresting to your numerous readers, allow me to present them for what they are worth. We have three theatres here, all of which are now in operation. The business, with the exception of the old National, has been only fair so far, owing, I suppose, to the excitement attendant on the near approach of the Presidential election. The National is playing "Colleen Bawn," with Collins, to vary the hours—the dramatic company to be left to the best we have in this city for a week. At Pikes Opera House, the business has been on a tolerable, although the company is very good.... At Wood's the "benches have been but little worn" this season. I must regret that the prosperous days of this pretty little theatre seem to be over. Charlotte Chapman is the present star.... Our city can boast of three excellent comedians, Stuart Robson, of the National; C. Hale, of Pikes, and R. G. Rogers, of Wood's. Stuart Robson is very popular, and has established himself in the affections of the Cincinnati quicker than any comedian in my remembrance.... The Wallacks are the next stars at the National.... The "Invisible Prince" will be played for the first time this evening at Pikes, with Miss Susan Denin, the leading lady, as Don Leander. It will be presented in excellent style; the "Siegrist and Zarefetta Ballet Troupe" assisting in its performance.

It is rumored among theatrical circles here that Mr. Forrest has been offered \$2,000 dollars per night for six nights, to perform at one of our theatres, immediately after his New York engagement. The city is full of professionals of all degrees; the majority of whom, I am sorry to say, are unemployed. The supply respecting theatricals, seems to exceed the demand at a most discouraging ratio.

Sam Cowell and his concert party (consisting of Miss Sidney Cowell, Miss Ella German, Mr. George Crazier, Mr. A. Sedgwick, and Master Charles Shippwick) were at Toronto, C. W., on the 17th, 18th and 19th ult.; at St. Catharines, the 24th and 25th, at Niagara Falls, 26th and 27th. To-day (Monday) will be added to tomorrow, they will be at Brantford, where they will proceed on to London, C. W., and Detroit, Mich. Friend Sam will go as far west as St. Louis, stopping at Detroit, Kalamazoo, Chicago, Peoria, and other places.

Miss Caroline Richings was to have commenced an engagement at the Richmond, Va., Theatre, on the 29th October.

The "Original Campbell's" were still at the St. Charles, New Orleans, considerably to the delight of the b'boys; it appears from the reports of the local paper.

The Holman Musical Company was at Knoxville, Tenn., last week. By all accounts, Runsey & Newcomb's Minstrels were likely to finish October in flourishing style, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans. Their fresh supply of jokes had been highly approved of, and like the commodities of the more material market, were quoted above par. The Museum connected with the Academy was about to be opened for the season, with a fresh inventory of rare things gathered during the summer recess.

Professor Wyman, the "man of many voices," commenced a series of eight performances at Metropolitan Hall, Richmond, Va., on the 19th ult., it being his twentieth annual visit to that city. Necromancy, ventriloquism, and other feats of skill comprised the programme, which, as well as of the usual performances of friend W. T. F., the audience can gather from a perusal of his advertisement, which appears in another part of this Clipper. "Many-voiced" himself, the Professor said he had received the praise of the "many-voiced" public, whose good graces all of us are anxious to gain.

Nixon's Circus Company performed three nights last week at Norfolk, Va., to crowded audiences, we hear.

The "Junior Scarening Club" is the title selected by a company of young men in the lower section of Philadelphia. They expect to give an opening entertainment at an early day. The officers are J. Roth, President; L. Carr, Vice-dicto; S. Kelly, Treasurer; and J. Roth, Secretary.

Thos. Sherry, the actor, is dead; so we are informed by a correspondent in Chicago.

Mr. Charles G. Bird and wife are still with Aspinall Thiodon's Exhibition, to the interest of which entertainment they add materially by their clever performances. The exhibition was in Cincinnati on the 22d, 23d and 24th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Bird have been with Thiodon's exhibition seven years.

Our Georgia correspondent, "Q," under date of Atlanta, Oct. 21, says: "Manager Fleming continues to provide the Georgia, liberally with novelties. Last night was produced, for the first time in the United States, I believe, the new drama of "Rose Elmer, or a Divided Heart and a Divided Love," adapted from the last New York Ledger story. It is a well known drama of your city. It was very successful, and was extremely acted, particularly in the persons of Laura Ettinger and Rose Elmer, by Misses Anna Egle and Julia James, who received the most enthusiastic plaudits. Miss Egle is peculiarly well fitted to have the "several" school "Oliver Twist," the next card to be produced, with Mr. Henry Wright as Fagin, and Miss Egle as Nancy Sikes, etc. The "Draytons," whose "Parlor Operas" left such pleasant memories in your city, open in the Savannah Theatre to-morrow night, under Mr. Fleming's management. They appear next at Augusta, then at this place, being engaged by Mr. F. to appear in all the theatres of his Georgia circuit. The Georgia State Fair is held here this week.... I hear that Mr. John Wilkes Booth has not yet recovered from the effects of the shot he accidentally received week before last, and is still unable to perform."

Mr. Harry Clifford, we hear, made a great sensation, as the old black in the drama of "The Hidden Hand," when recently produced at the Norfolk (Va.) Theatre. It is not often that real "wool" is so exciting the "wool" owned by a colored gentleman.

The company belonging to the Rochester Theatre (recently opened) consists of the following:—W. H. Gossin, J. A. Fisher, E. J. Miller, W. B. T. Zier, E. H. Crowder, Ward, H. Davis, Books, R. Culwin, W. S. Forsey, R. Wood; Mrs. E. J. Miles, Mrs. Salisbury, Miss Carrie Lester, Mrs. Ward, Miss Fanny Tree, Miss Anna Lee, Mr. J. T. B. T. is the manager.

The only hippopotamus ever brought to America, arrived here last Saturday by the steamer City of Manchester, as recorded in last week's CLIPPER, and left immediately by the De Soto for New Or-

leans, Messrs. Spalding & Rogers, the new managers of the Bowery Theatre, having outbid our New York showmen, and secured him for their New Orleans Museum, where he will make his first public appearance in America. He weighs about 1000 lbs., is two years old, and is accompanied by his Arabian attendant, who was present with the British Consul, at his capture, and has accompanied the monster ever since. He was procured from the Royal Zoological Garden, London, by Col. G. C. Quick, who went over by invitation of the Royal Directory of that portion of Regent's Park, to effect an exchange of this hippopotamus for rare American animals, of which they had not before any specimens. There are only four in Europe, two at the Regent's Park, London, and two at the Imperial Jardin des Plantes, both government institutions. After the New Orleanians are sated with a sight of the river horse, he will doubtless be sent to inspection in New York city, by which time the Arab, Salama, says, he will be a grown one third.

—Dan Rice's "Goliath" is on board the James Raymond, and last night set out from St. Louis to Memphis, en route to Spalding & Rogers' New Orleans Amphitheatre.

Messrs. Spalding & Rogers have sold one of their steamboats, the James Raymond, to Dan Rice. Within seven years they have built five steamboats for circus manager, theatre, museum, and minister purposes on the Mississippi, viz.—The James Raymond, Floating Palace, Barge, Gazebo, and Humming Bird (the latter at Albany, in this State, to be taken around, but never used in consequence of some fault in the construction), and for the seven years preceding they purchased five steamboats for the same purposes, viz.—The Alleghany Mail (also sold to Dan Rice), Loyallanna, Jeny Liad, North River and Fairy, all now worn out or sunk.

Mr. Charles Rapp, late a member of Shreiber's band, in Albany, died in that city on the 21st ult., after a long illness. The deceased gentleman was a native of Europe, and the son of a Lutheran minister. He had resided in Albany about twelve years.

Judging from the tone of the New Orleans papers, we should be inclined to think that burst cork was at an immense premium in the amusement market there, whatever its quotation may be in the commercial.

It is stated that Charles Dickens, the novelist, is about to retire permanently to Gadshill, in the county of Kent, England. It is the spot of the gentleman's earliest recollections, and is also identified with the mad pranks of the young David Copperfield.

The Atheneum Melodeon, owned by Wells, Bray, Barker and Hussey, is to be a popular resort. At present, Po-ca-hon-tas with Julia Pelby and J. W. Thomas are the features.

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Frank Mayo, a very promising young actor, has just returned from Victoria and Oregon, after an absence of six months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sims have sailed for Australia.

A rumor is afloat to the effect that Mme. Eliza Biscaccianti is engaged to sing at the Athenaeum Melodeon.

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Joe Cook's Sable Harmonists gave their Elysian parlor entertainment at Plymouth, Ind., last week. The programme consisted of an olio including burst cork, sham tragedy, real burlesque, comic declamation, dancing, and a variety of other items calculated to set the audience in a roar.

The amusements at Bell's Concert Hall, Detroit, seem to be of the right stripe—consisting of singing, dancing, Yankee stories, and acrobatic displays. Several new engagements have been made, among which we find those of Rosa and Sarah Duval, Eliza and Maudia Shultz. A novelty of high pressure comic power, entitled, "The Yankee Dilettante," was among the most recent hits at Bell's.

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John W. Dehaven's circus broke up for the season on the 29th ult., and was crowded from pit to dome with the beauty and chivalry of the South. The opening bill was the "School for Scandal," and the farce of the "Swiss Waives." The comedy was preceded by an address written and delivered by Mr. C. H. Morton, and the "Star Spangled Banner" sung by the entire company; manager Canning also made a short address. Everything passed off pleasantly. Miss Mary Mitchell made a decided hit as Lady Teazle, and the entire company were well received. This week, Mr. John Wilkes Booth, who is fast recovering from his late accident, will appear. The citizens of Montgomery may congratulate themselves on having the handsomest theatre, and one of the best companies south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Mr. A. S. Penney has been engaged as prompter, by Mr. W. C. Cowell, who opens the St. Louis Theatre, on the 31st inst.

A very characteristic anecdote is told in the French newspaper of recent date, in reference to the death of Mademoiselle Angele Lebel, who, it is said, for nine years past, has held a position of the Parisian boards, and who is said to be that of Miss Lancie, her mother.

Very attractive personally and artistically, she has been credited with being a popular resort.

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OUR DOG JOCK.

A rollicksome, frolicsome, rare old cock;
As ever did nothing, was our dog Jock;
A glesome, pleasome, affectionate beast;
As slow at a fight as swift at a feast;
A wit among dogs, when his life's gone to fail;
One couldn't but see the old wag in his tail;
When his years grew long, and his eyes grew dim,
And his course of bark could not strengthen him.

Never more now shall our knees be pressed
By his dear old chaps in their slovenly rest;
Nor our mirth be stirred at his solemn looks,
As wise and as dull as divinity books.
Our old frie'ds dead; but we all well know
He's gone to the kennel where the good dogs go,
Where the cooks be not, but the bair' bones be,
And his old head need never turn for a flea.

THE FARO-TABLE.

PEMONT was more than usually resort to in the summer of 1857. A crowd of distinguished wealthy strangers flocked thither, daily increasing the rage for every species of excitement. The keepers of the faro-bank heaped up the glittering gold to allure, experienced hunters that they were, the noblest game by the baill.

Who knows not the attractive, irresistible charm of play at a summer watering place, where every one steps out of his accustomed habit of living, and resigns himself with delight to the freer leisure, the sense dissipating pleasure of the place? People enough may be found, who on other occasions would not touch a card, deeply immersed in the care for the fashionable world of good society, it plays and loses its money every evening.

Of course, the irresistible charm, of the canon of good society, a young German baron—whom we will call Siegfried—alone appeared to take no notice. All hastened to the gaming-table, while he, finding himself cut off from every means and prospect of amusing himself intellectually in society, preferred to abandon himself to the play of his fancy in a solitary walk, take up a book in his room, or employ his time in composition.

Siegfried was young, rich, independent, of a noble figure, courageous spirit, so that it could not fail that he should be highly treasured and loved by the men, and that his fortune with the women should be decisive. In whatever he would undertake, in whatever he would only commence, a peculiar fortunate star appeared to rule over him. People talked of his various adventurous love affairs, which fairly obstructed themselves upon him, and which, disastrous as in all probability they would have proved to any one else, he freed himself from, lightly and happily, in some inconsiderate way of his own. The old men of the baron's acquaintance were accustomed to tell many stories of his good luck, and in particular one of a watch which had worn in him.

It happened that Siegfried, while yet under guardianship, being on a journey, unexpectedly left the way of money, and for the sake of getting forward was obliged to part with his only jewelled gold watch. He was willing enough to sell it for a sum less than a young nobleman in the very hold where he was staying, without giving up such a watch, gave him more for it than its real value. A year passed by, Siegfried became his own master, and one day at another place, reading in the newspaper that a watch was to be gambled for, he took a share and won the jewelled gold watch he had sold. Not long afterwards he exchanged it for a costly ring. He went for a short time into the service of Prince Von G., and the latter sent to him at his leave taking, as a remembrance of his well-wishing, this very gold watch set with brilliants.

From these stories, and the obstinacy of Siegfried, who would not touch a card, though he had the greatest inducement in his decisive luck, it came to be generally considered that the baron, notwithstanding his other qualities, must be a rascal, much too careful, much too illiberal to expose himself to the smallest loss. It was vain that the conduct of the baron completely contradicted every suspicion of avarice—the world followed its own custom. It invented a scandal and then adhered to it. The world was highly rejoiced at this interpretation of Siegfried's aversion for play.

The comment soon came to Siegfried's ears, and he, high-spirited, liberal, hating nothing more than avarice, determined to put down the calumniators. Siegfried might be to him, and free himself with a coat of broad lace d'ors, and, moreover, from the game-people. He found himself at the bank, with the firm intention of losing the considerable sum he had placed in his pocket, but, even in play, the fortune which stood him in stead in whatever he undertook, could not be untrue. Every card which he turned he won. The cabalistic calculations of the experienced knowing ones were frustrated by the play of the baron. He might change the cards, he might play them over, his luck was the same. The baron illustrated the peculiar phenomenon of a player indignant with himself at his good luck, outraged with the success of his cards. Easily as this conduct might have been accounted for, he was regarded with thoughtful countenance, and warned of the danger of fancy, for frenzied they thought the player must be who exhibited terror at his good fortune.

The fact that he had won a considerable sum, obliged the baron to play on, in the hope of losing what he had already gained, but with no success; for the extraordinary luck of the baron remained the same.

Concealed from his own knowledge, a fondness for faro playing (far in its simplicity without the zest of excitement) was more and more aroused in the breast of the baron. He was no longer content with his fortune. Play captivated his attention, and held him almost the whole night through as if impelled by the love of play, not merely for gain, influenced by the strange magic of which his friends spoke, and which he throughout would not allow.

One night, just as the banker had ended a deal, casting up his eyes, he perceived an elderly man who had placed himself opposite to him, and had directed his sad, earnest look unchangeably upon him. Once, when the baron looked up from play, his glance had met the mournful eye of the stranger, he could not suppress an intrusive, uneasy sensation. He was the first to leave when the game was ended. On the following night he again repaired to the baron, and stared him in the eye with gloomy, ghostlike eyes. The baron still restrained himself; but, on the third night, when the stranger again presented himself, with a consuming fire in his eyes staring upon the baron, the latter complained to him that he constrained his play, and begged him to choose another place. The stranger bowed, smiled painfully, and left the gaming-table and the saloon without saying a word.

The following night again the stranger stood opposite the baron, piercing him through with his darkly gleaming eyes. The baron burst out scornfully as on the previous night. "Sir, if you make a jest of staring at me, I beg you to choose another time and another place for it, or on this instant—."

A movement with the hand towards the door supplied the place of the hard words; the baron was about to utter. As on the previous night, with the self same painful smile and submissive bow, he left the hall.

Excited by play, the wile had been drak, by the scene itself with the stranger, Siegfried could not sleep. The morning already dawned as the complete figure of the stranger passed before his eyes. He saw the significant, shrewd features of the baron's face, the deep gloomy eyes which stared upon him, he remarked the noble bearing betraying the man of education in spite of his mean attire, and noted the singular designation with which the stranger received the hard words and the struggle with the bitterest feeling he left the hall. "Yes," cried Siegfried, "I did him wrong, grievous wrong! I am the man to bellow out like a coarse fellow of common ill breeding, to offend people without the least pretense!"

The baron convinced himself that the man had stared upon him, impressed by the most painful sense of the cutting contrast of wealth and poverty—that while he, the baron, heaped up gold upon gold, the other was perhaps contending with the bitterest need. He determined, early the following morning, to seek out the stranger and assist him.

Accident determined that precisely the first person the baron, walking in the park, should meet was the stranger. He addressed him, earnestly excusing his demeanor in the previous night, and besought pardon. The stranger had nothing to forgive; great allowance was to be made for a player earnestly engaged in the game, and he had himself drawn down the harshness by stubbornly remaining upon a spot in which he must annoy the baron.

The baron went further. He reminded him that frequently in life a momentary perplexity would distract the man of the most reticent, and intimated that he was ready to give him the gold he had won, and that if he could assist him.

"One!" replied the stranger, "you take me for a necessitous person, which I am not precisely, for more than such, I have yet as much as my simple manner of life demands. You must see yourself that I could accept the reparation which you propose for an injury, could not be a man of honor."

"I believe I understand you," replied the baron, puzzled, "and am ready to give you such satisfaction as you demand."

"In Heaven's name!" proceeded the stranger, "how unequal would a combat between us two be! I am convinced that you, as well as myself, do not hold the duel as child's play, and by no means think that a couple of drops of blood, flowing perhaps from the little finger, can wash polluted honor pure. Between us two, the duel would be, as I said, unequal, for my life is in no ways worth as much as yours. If I thrust you through, I kill an entire world of the fairest hopes; if I fall you have ended a ruined life, full of grief, of the bitterest tormenting remembrances. I do not consider myself at all offended. You bade me go, and I went!"

The stranger spoke the last words in a tone which betrayed a heartfelt grief. Ground enough had the baron to excuse himself from the fact that, for whatever reason this glance of the old man might be directed upon him, to his innermost heart—he could not bear it.

"Would that my glance had penetrated actually to your heart," said the stranger, "to arouse a thought of the pressing danger which hangs over you with merry heart, youthful unconcern, you are standing on the edge of a precipice, one single movement, and you are there a down without salvation. You are about to become a passionate gambler and ruin yourself!"

The baron replied that the stranger entirely erred. He related minutely the circumstances of his coming to the gaming-table, declared that he had nothing of the gambler's peculiar infatuation for play, that he only desired to lose a couple of hundred louis d'ors, and when he had attained this he would cease to play. Hitherto his fortune had been most favorable.

"Ah!" cried the stranger, "this very luck is the wickedest knavish contrivance of the field—this very luck with which you play, baron! the entire manner in which you have come to the table, nay, your entire existence in play, only too clearly show how completely your heart is wrapped up in it. All, all reminds me only too vividly of the doomed fate of an unfortunate who, equal to you in every respect, perished even like yourself. It was on this account that I could not turn my eyes from you, that I could

scarcely refrain from saying in words, what my glance should have let you discover. See! I see! the demons stretch out their claw fangs, to tear you down to Orcus! Thus could I have cried out, I wished to make your acquaintance—that has at least succeeded—to tell you the story of the unfortunate whom I mentioned; perhaps to persuade you that it is from no empty chimera that I regard you in the deepest danger, and warn you."

The stranger and the baron took their seats upon a solitary bench, and the stranger narrated the following—

The same brilliant qualities which you, baron, display, gained for the Chevalier Menars the esteem and wonder of the men, and rendered him the favorite of the women. Only so far as wealth was concerned, had fortune not favored him as yourself. He was almost needy, and only by the most systematic method of life, could he appear in the station his rank, as the descendant of a family of consequence. It was on this account, feeling sensibly that the smallest loss would destroy entirely his whole place of life, that he did not allow himself to engage in play, and indeed he had no desire to play, and made no sacrifice in avoiding it. Everything that he undertook succeeded with him, and the luck of the Chevalier Menars became a proverb.

Contrary to his luck one night he suffered himself to be persuaded to visit a gambling house. The friends who went with him soon engaged in play. Without participation in the game, deep in other thoughts, the chevalier walked up and down the hall, now stared at the table where the banker's gold upon gold streamered forth on all sides. An old colonel suddenly observed the chevalier, and cried aloud—"There is the lucky chevalier among us, and we can win nothing; since he has declared neither for the banker nor the players, he shall play for me!"

The chevalier might excuse himself as he would with his awkwardness, with his lack of all experience; the colonel would take no excuse—the chevalier must sit down at the gaming-table.

Just as with it went with the chevalier. Every card turned out well for him, so that he had soon won a considerable sum for the colonel, who could not enough rejoice at the happy accident of having demanded the tried fortune of the Chevalier Menars.

Upon the chevalier himself his luck, which set every one wondering, made not the least impression; nay, he himself knew not how it happened; his opposition to play still more increased, so that on the following morning, as he felt the consequences of his exertions in the wakeful night, in mental and bodily weakness, he earnestly resolved never again on any pretense to visit a gaming house.

This resolution was still further strengthened by the conduct of the old colonel, who, whenever he touched a card, went with decided ill-will, and attributed his ill-fortune to the chevalier. He only laughed that the chevalier should play for him, or at least stand by him when he played, to banish by his presence the demon who thrust in his hands the cards which never succeeded; it is well known that superstition is nowhere more prevalent than amongst gamblers. It was only by the greatest seriousness, by the declaration that he would rather fight with him than play for him, that the chevalier could keep the colonel (an friend to duels) off. The chevalier cursed his complacency towards the old fool.

However, it could not fail that the story of the remarkably fortunate play of the chevalier flew from mouth to mouth, and that all manner of mysterious circumstances should be told of it, all of which exhibited the chevalier as a man in alliance with Evil Powers. But the circumstance that the chevalier, notwithstanding his luck, did not touch cards, was calculated to give the highest idea of the firmness of his character, and increase the esteem in which he stood. A year might have elapsed, when the chevalier, through unexpected failure of the small sum from which he had put his usual expenditure, was thrown into the most urgent, painful perplexity. He was obliged to go to the banker, who, in his situation, was the only one who could help him. The chevalier told him what he had to do, and the banker, who was a man of great experience, told him what he needed, but immediately upbraided him as a fool for failing to see that he had not been born to play cards.

"Destiny," said he, "gives us a hint in what way we shall seek and find our welfare, the fault lies in our indecision. If we take no notice of it, we do not comprehend these hints. The Higher Power which governs us has whispered very plainly into your ear—'With you gain gold and wealth, go and play, else thou remainest poor, necessities, dependent for ever!'"

The thought now first occurred, how remarkably fortunate he had been at the faro-bank; dreaming and waking, he saw cards, he heard peculiar sounds—*gagne—perd*—of the bankers, the clicking of the gold pieces.

"It is true," said he to himself, "one single night like that raises me out of necessity—places me above the pressing perplexity of falling upon my friends; it is a duty to follow the promptings of destiny."

The friend who advised him to play, gave him twenty louis d'ors to commence without anxiety, and accompanied him to the table. If the chevalier had formerly played brilliantly for the colonel, he now transcended himself. Blinly, without choice, he drew the cards which he seized; but not he, the invisible hand of the Higher Power which confides in accident, or rather is itself what we call accident, appeared to govern the game. When the play ended, he had won a thousand louis d'ors. He awoke the next morning in a state of stupefaction. The gold pieces he had won lay out on the table. He thought at the first moment he dreamt; he rubbed his eyes, he seized the table and drew it nearer to him. When he recollects what had been, he again swallowed the gold pieces, as he again counted and recounted the sum there ran, for the first time, through his brain a bounding lightning breath, the lust of the ville Mammon. In that moment was lost the purity of soul he had so nobly preserved. He could scarcely await the night to take him to the gaming-table. His fortune remained the same; so that in a few weeks, during which he had played every night, he had a sum immense sum.

There are two kinds of players. To many, play itself is play, without regard to winning, presents an indescribably mysterious pleasure. In the strange concatenation of accident alternating in the mysterious game, the government of the Higher Power steps visibly out, and it is even that which urges upon our spirit to stir and essay its wings whether it may not soar to the dark kingdom—the fatal workshops of that power—to spy out its labors. I have known a man, the day, the night long in his chamber, make a bank, and mark himself the game. He was a genuine gambler. Others have only the winning before their eyes, and pursue the game as a means of speedily enriching themselves. The chevalier proved that the true, deep taste for play is part of the individual nature, must be born with a man.

The circle in which the pouter moved soon became too narrow for him. With the very miserable sum which he gained at play, he established a bank, and here also the same luck favored him; so that, in a short time, his bank was the richest in all Paris. As was to be expected, the greatest number of players flocked to the richest, most fortunate bank.

This wild, waste-life of the gambler extirpated soon all the mental and personal accomplishments which had formerly gained the chevalier love and esteem. He ceased to be a true friend, an unprejudiced, serene companion, a knightly, gallant worshiper of the ladies. Extinguished was his taste for science and art, gone all his effort to advance in superior knowledge. In his dead, pale countenance, in his gloomy, dimly burning eyes, lay the full expression of the ruinous passion which held him bound—not gaming, no; it was the most hateful avarice, with which Satan himself had influenced his breast.

The old man lost—lost one state after another, but the higher his loss, so much the other players applauded. Yes, as the old man, ever doubling his stake, once placed upon a card five hundred louis d'ors, and then on the very instant, with a shrill voice, the first of the next, "Well done, well done, Signor Vertus, don't give up; go on, go on, you will break the bank yet at this immense rate!"

The old man cast a baslik look at the jester, and ran immediately out, but entered again in only half an hour, his pockets filled with gold. With the last deal, all was at an end; he had again played away all the gold he had brought to the spot.

The chevalier, who notwithstanding the infamy of his doings, yet supported a certain demeanor, which must be preserved at his bank, was displeased in the highest degree at the scorn, the contempt with which the old man had been treated.

He concluded the show, as I supposed; but as I got to the corner of Broadway and Broome street, I caught sight of Neil Bryant rushing round the corner, closely pursued by two billiard balls, from which I suppose Berenger must have done another fancy shot or two after I left.

"But Phelan's conspiracy with the billiard markers all over the country is outrageous. He has every one of them so far under his control, that there isn't a place in the United States, where, when I play billiards with Michael Phelan, the marker doesn't count more for him than for me. Indignantly yours, Doesticks, P. B."

Sunday Mercury.

IMPROVEMENT IN BULLETS.—At the recent Fair in Memphis, Tenn., a bullet (after the design of Capt. Travis, the well known shot) was exhibited. It is of peculiar formation, and intended to supersede the use of the rifle-bore, by giving to the ball, in a smooth bore, the rotary or spiral motion, distance, and accuracy only attainable by such an arrangement. It is stated that the bullet will shoot with greater accuracy and force than any other; overcoming all resistance of the atmosphere, not glancing from the subject it is intended to strike, but, sure, in the hands of a capable marksman, to go true home. In shape, it is conical, with a steel and at the cone, while from its bore extends a tail or flange of a shape and bearing to give the proper motion and direction. The whole ball is cast together, and with a simplicity equal to that of the ordinary bullet.

TO THE CANINE FANCY.—For sale, one dark brown well bred Scotch Terrier Dog, 10 lbs., two years old; one extra black and tan Terrier Slut, good tan, very fine hair, 9 1/2 lbs., 18 months old; also, two of her pups, dog and slut, by a 6 lbs. dog, seven weeks old. Apply to WILLIAM CLARKE, Hair Dresser, Danielsonville, Conn.

PROFESSOR OF BILLIARDS.—from Paris, will give a short series of scientific and artistic exhibitions at Phelan's private room, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, every evening, at 8 o'clock. Price of admission one dollar.

50,000 COPIES SOLD.—The only genuine picture of the Prince of Wales, 20x30, a splendid picture for framing. Copies sent by mail throughout the U. S. and Canada. Price only Ten Cents. Every person should have it. Address R. H. JOHNSTON, 167 William st., N. Y.

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